

MARVEL

COMICS

MYSTERY

NO.
44

JUNE

10¢



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SECTIONS**

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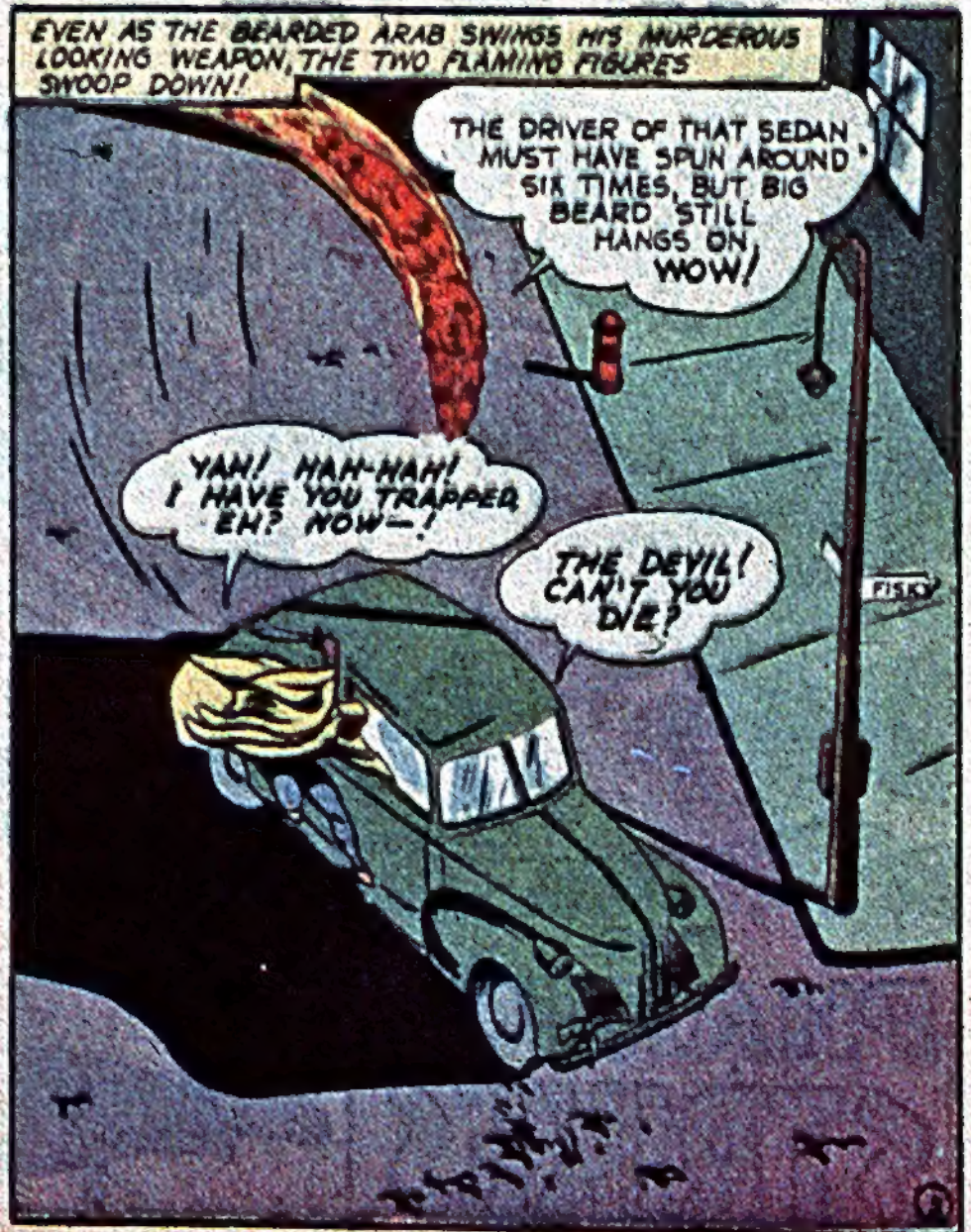
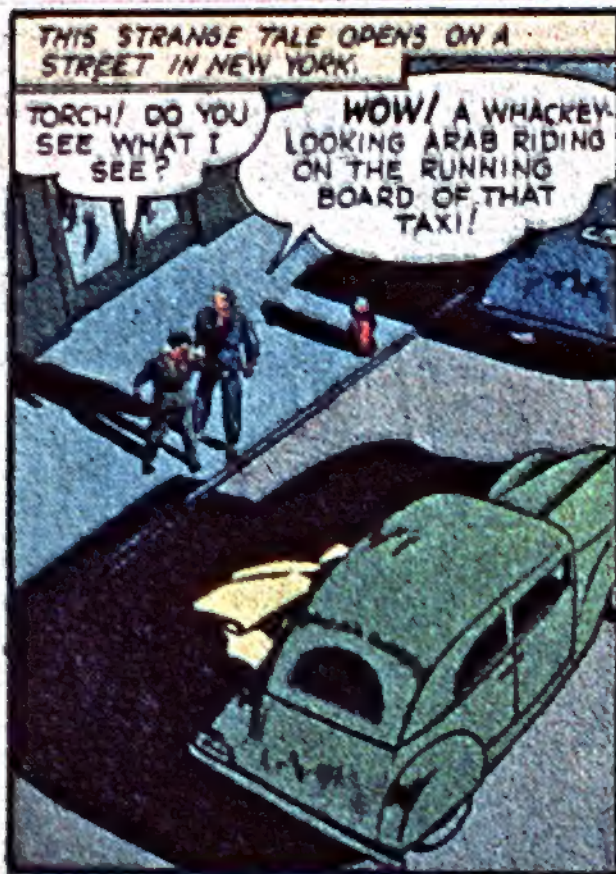
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HUMAN TORCH



THE
**PHANTOM
STRIKES**

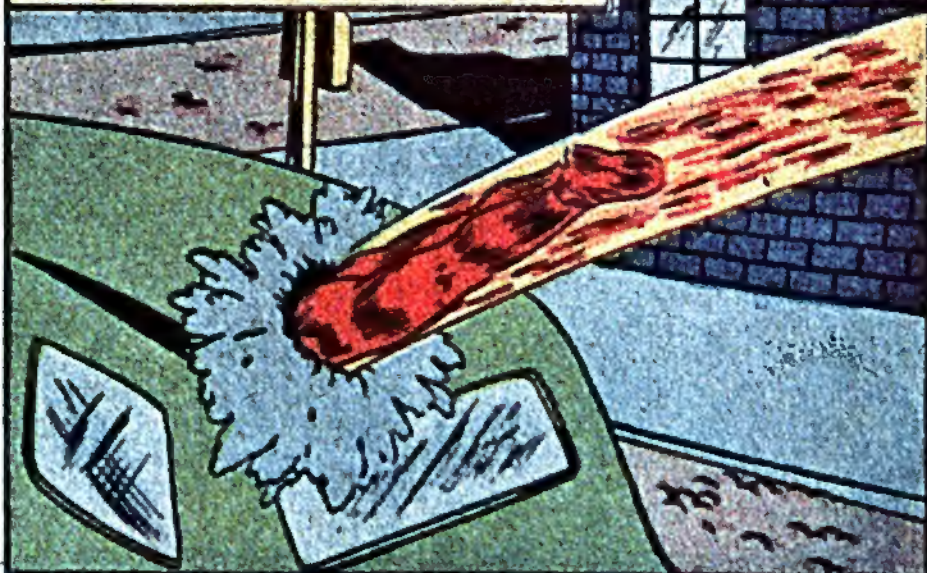


FLASH OF STEEL... A JET OF BLOOD... AND A PIERCING CRY RISING INTO THE NIGHT!

I MUST SEIZE THE WHEEL— OR I'LL DIE, TOO!



LIKE A FALLING METEOR, TORCH RIPS INTO THE ROOF OF THE SEDAN AS IT JERKS TO A STOP.



HE'S TAKING SOMETHING FROM THE DEAD MAN'S POCKET! LOOKS LIKE SILK— DROP IT!

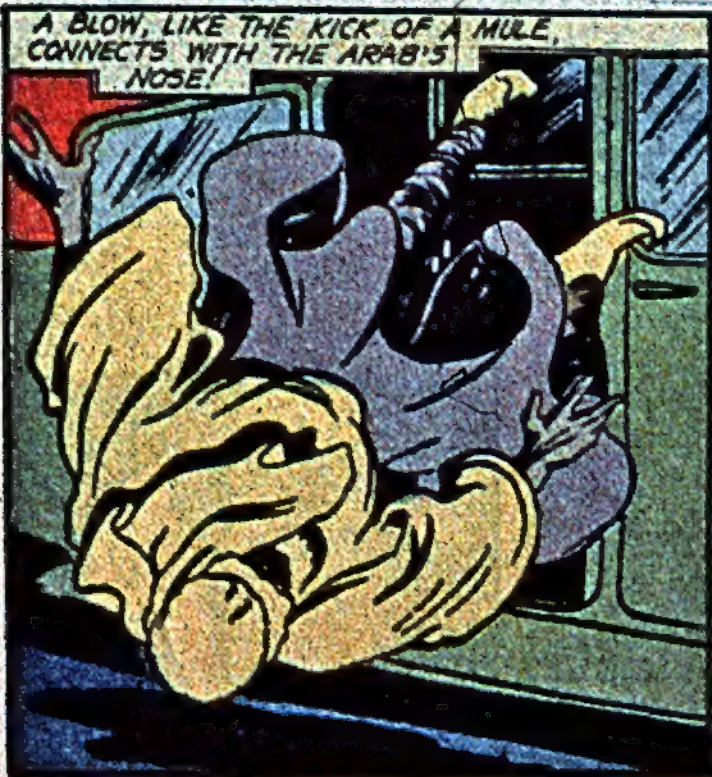


DO NOT INTER— WHAT! MY SWORD TURNS TO WATER!

NOW, TO TURN OFF THE HEAT AND USE MY FISTS!



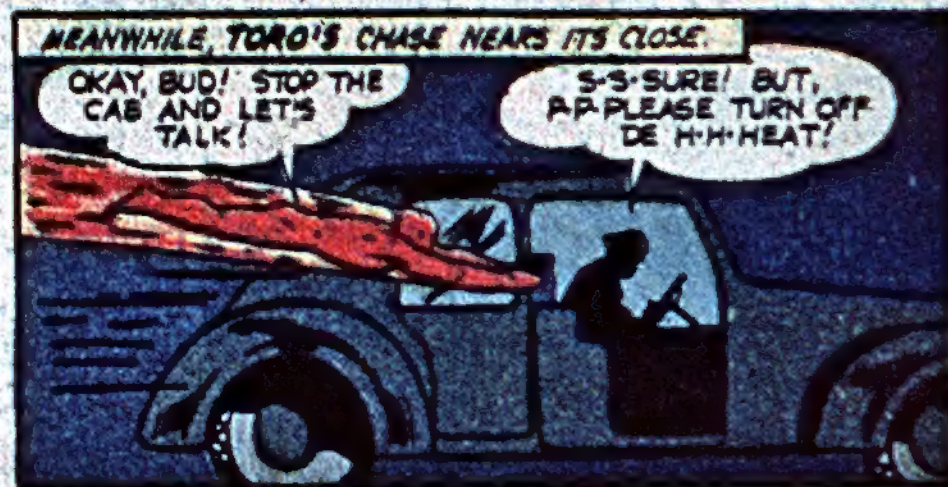
A BLOW, LIKE THE KICK OF A MULE, CONNECTS WITH THE ARAB'S NOSE!



STILL CONSCIOUS, EH? WELL--

IF YOU TURN ON YOUR EVIL FLAME, INFIDEL---







TORO RETURNS TO FIND TORCH JUST COMING TO.

WHAT HAPPENED?

I WAS GIVEN AN ARABIAN MICKEY FINN - HE GOT AWAY. LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE GUY WHO GOT SLASHED.

IT'S A KIND-OF VEIL WORN BY EASTERN WOMEN - I'M CONVINCED THAT WAS WHAT BIG BEARD TOOK FROM THE DEAD MAN!

OH? WELL, WHAT ABOUT THE "3"?



THIS IS A JOB FOR THE MORGUE. WONDER WHO HE WAS?

WRITING ON THE WINDOW!

WONDER WHAT THAT MEANS?



LETTERS OF BLOOD SCRAWLED BY THIS FELLOW, WITH HIS FINGER - JUST BEFORE HE DIED!

MUST BE A MESSAGE. BUT WHAT'S YASHMAK MEAN?



I WOULDN'T KNOW! IT ALL SOUNDS SCREWY. ONE WAY OF GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS IS TO FIND THE IDENTITY OF THE CORPSE. COME ON, TORO!

SEND THE MORGUE WAGON AND THE MEDICAL EXAMINER IMMEDIATELY TO...



THE CITY MORGUE.

HIS FINGER PRINTS SHOW HIM TO BE JOHN GARRY, AN AMERICAN SECRET AGENT.

THANKS! OUR NEXT STOP IS F.B.I. HEAD-QUARTERS



LATER...

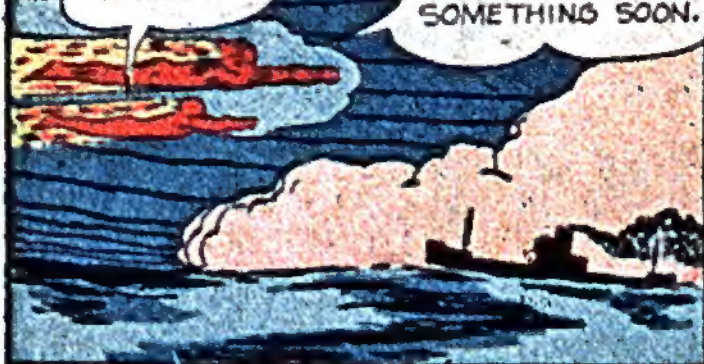
GARRY WAS WORKING IN ISTANBOUL, TURKEY. HOW WOULD YOU AND TORO LIKE TO GO THERE, TORCH-ON ASSIGNMENT?

WE WOULD! AND NOW!

EASTWARD BOUND FOR ISTANBOUL...

WE CERTAINLY HAVEN'T MUCH TO WORK ON, EXCEPT THAT MESSAGE ON THE CAR WINDOW

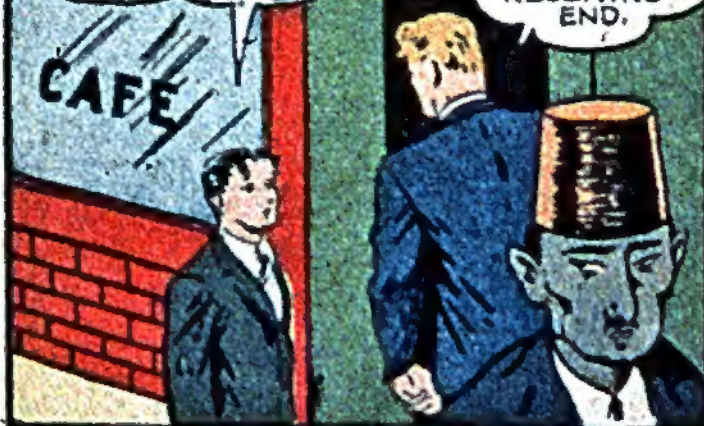
RIGHT. BUT KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN. ISTANBOUL IS A RUMOR FACTORY. WE'LL PICK UP SOMETHING SOON.



TORCH AND TORO MAKE THEIR WAY TO A CAFE FREQUENTED BY SPIES OF ALL NATIONS...

OH, BOY! FOOD! YOU TAKE THE SPIES—I'M HUNGRY!

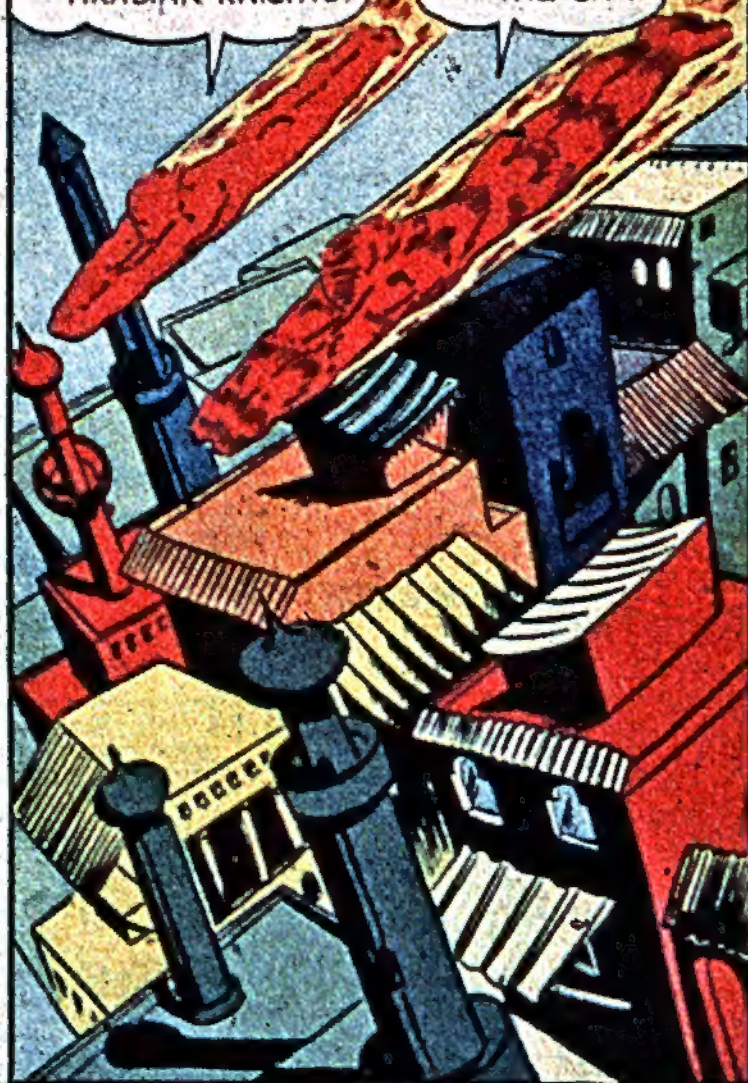
SSH! IF THERE'S ANY CLUES TO BE GIVEN OUT, LET US BE ON THE RECEIVING END.



AND LATER...

HERE WE ARE! BOY, THIS IS SOMETHING OUT OF THE ARABIAN KNIGHTS!

OKAY, TORO! GET SET FOR A LANDING. WE DROP NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.



LOOK, PIERRE! THAT WOMAN—ISN'T SHE LOVELY?

GORGEOUS! SHE IS ELINOR VON DREI, OF THE GERMAN CONSULAR SERVICE

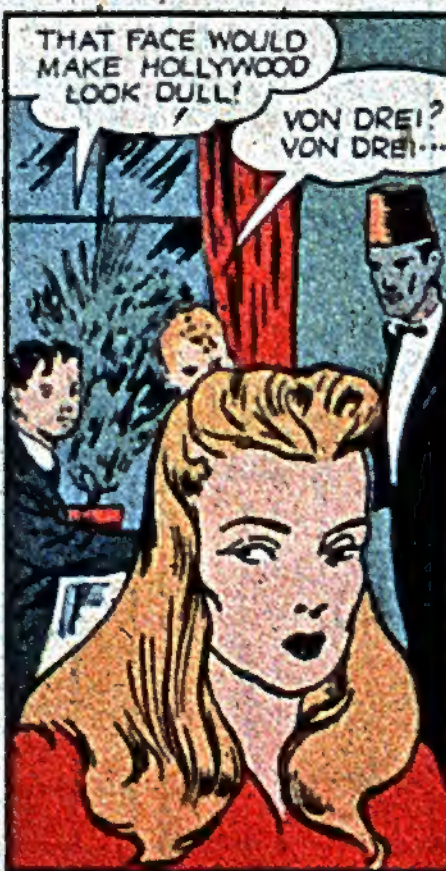
THAT FACE WOULD MAKE HOLLYWOOD LOOK DULL!

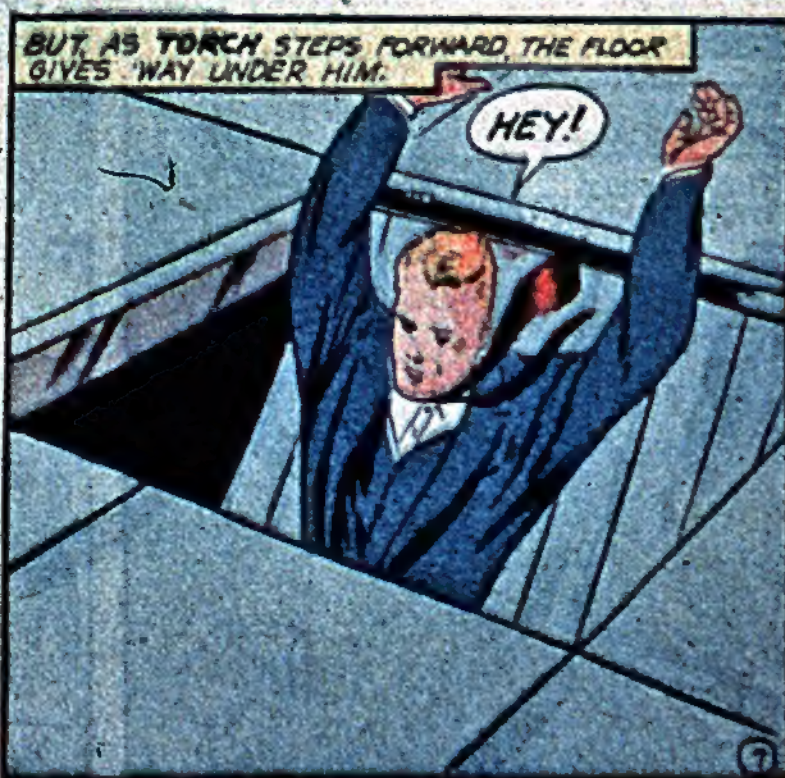
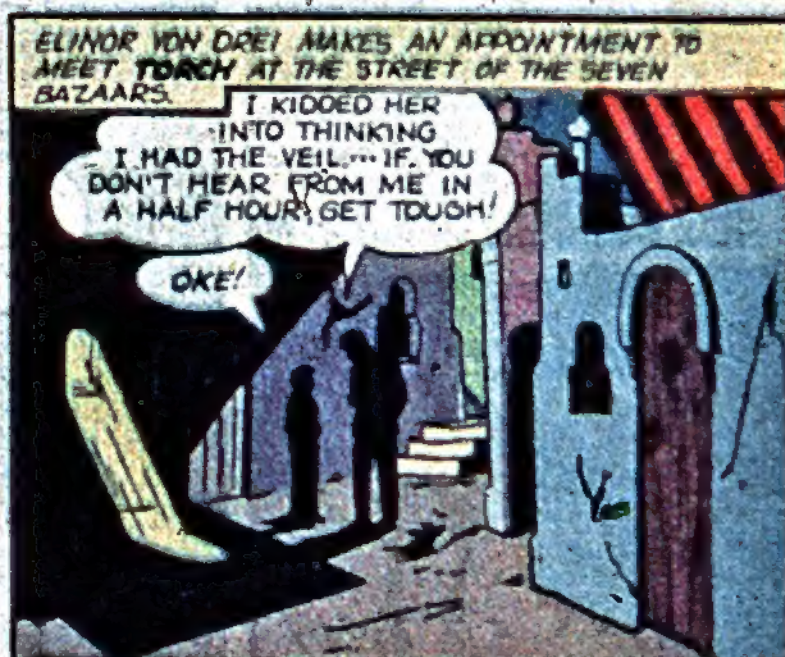
VON DREI? VON DREI...

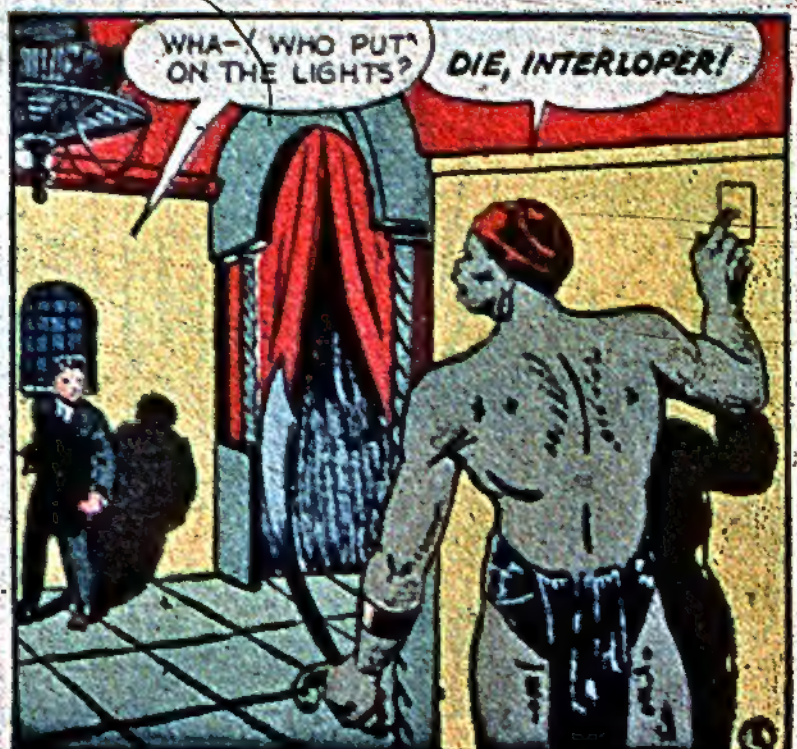
BOY! SHE MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO GET YOU MUMBLING!

DREI IS GERMAN FOR... OR HAVE YOU

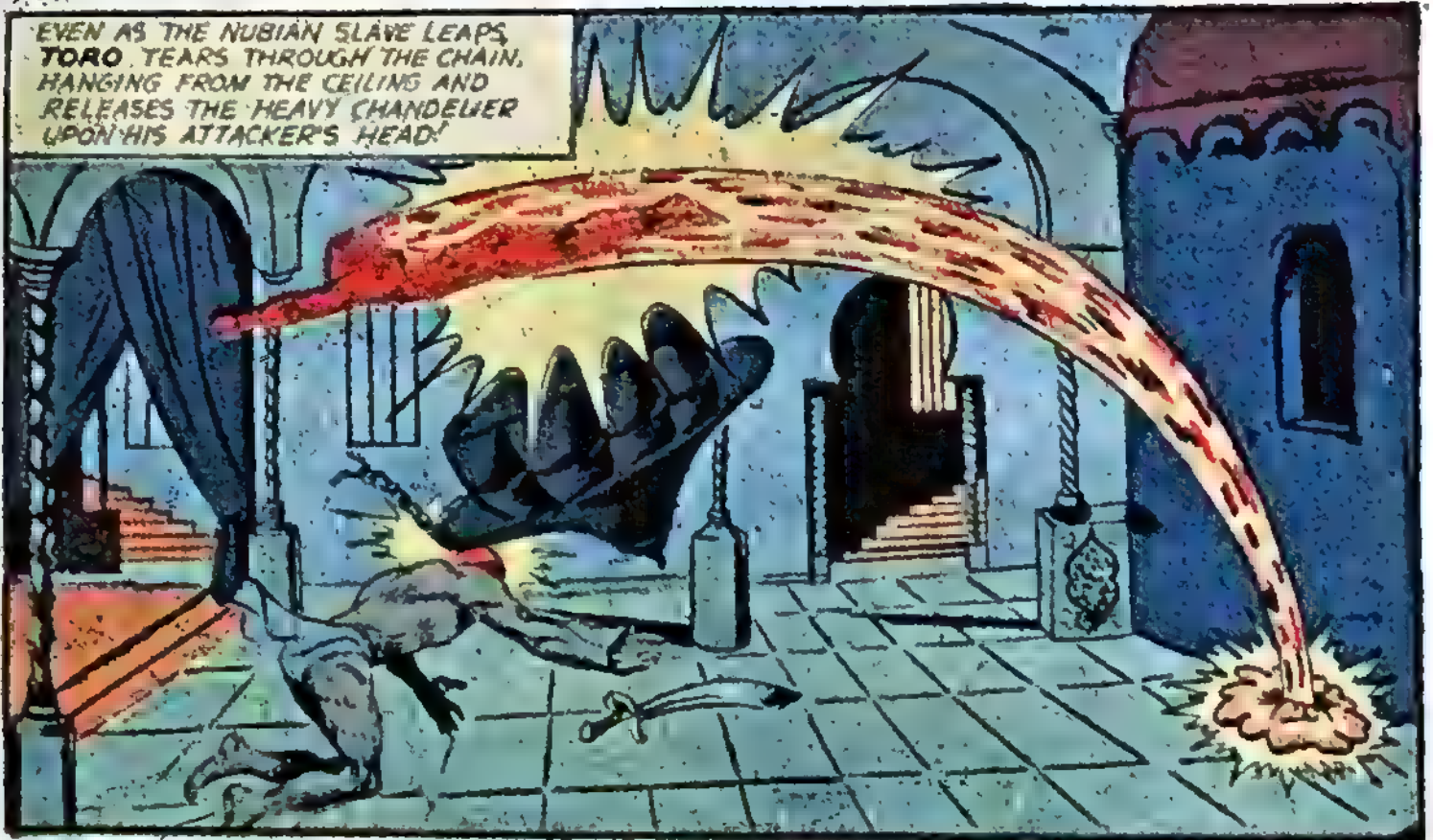
FORGOTTEN WHAT WAS WRITTEN ON THE WINDOW OF THE SEDAN?







EVEN AS THE NUBIAN SLAVE LEAPS, TORO TEARS THROUGH THE CHAIN, HANGING FROM THE CEILING AND RELEASES THE HEAVY CHANDELIER UPON HIS ATTACKER'S HEAD!



SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT APE WAS JUST A STARTER! WELL, TROUBLE, HERE I COME!



TORO FOLLOWS THE INTRICATE HALLS, INTO A DARK CORRIDOR.



DUNGEONS!— THERE'S A WOMAN IN THE LAST ONE!

H-HAVE YOU COME TO TORTURE ME AGAIN?

WE LEAVE TORTURE TO THE NAZIS. ONE SIDE WHILE I OPEN UP!



EE-EEK! YOUR HAND FLAMES!

NOW, WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



I-I AM NAABI, LAST OF THE GREAT ARABIAN PROPHETESSES. HAVE YOU THE VEIL?

EACH OF US WORE THE SACRED YASHMAK AND GAVE ADVICE TO OUR TRIBESMEN.



COME, OH, SACRED ONE—THE TRIBE AWAITS! NEWS HAS COME OF WAR IN THE WEST.



THERE IS BUT ONE MOVE FOR MY HONEST BROTHERS—JOIN WITH THE UNITED NATIONS.

BUT, NAZI AGENTS, SEEKING TO WIN MY PEOPLE TO THEIR SIDE, PLOTTED AGAINST ME.

IF WE HAD THE VEIL, I COULD POSE AS THE PROPHETESS, NAABI MUST BE KIDNAPPED!



IT WILL BE DONE, FRAULEIN VON DREI!



I WAS SEIZED AND HELD HERE—FORCED TO TEACH MY SACRED RITUAL TO HER!



WE'LL TEACH HER SOMETHING ELSE!

THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN TEACH ME, FOOLS!

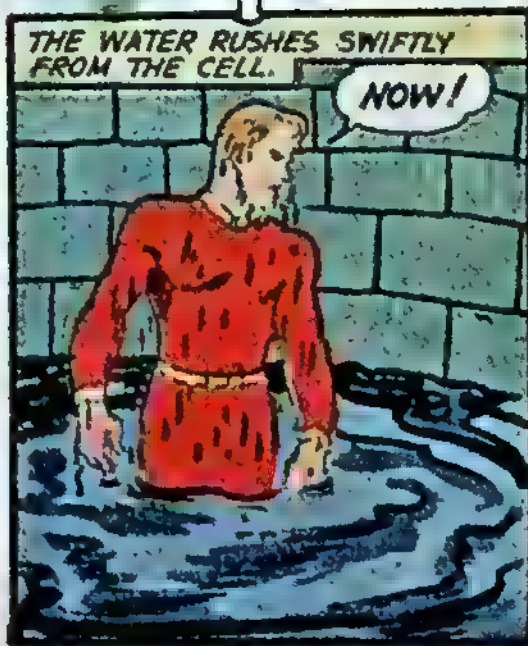
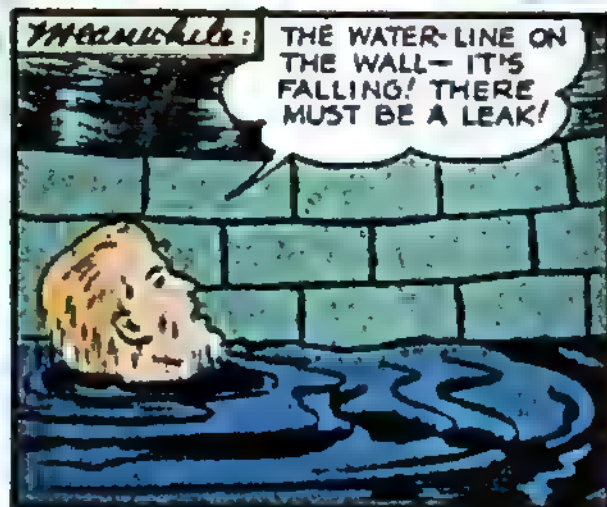
WHIRLING, TORO FLAMES.

FRAULEIN—WEARING A MASK!



YES, AND IN A MOMENT YOU SHALL KNOW WHY!







EIEEE!



THE BLAZING HAND HURLS
ABDUL BODILY INTO
THE AIR!

MY BEARD!
YEOW!

BY THE BEARD
OF THE PROPHET,
THIS WASHES
YOU UP!

SWINE...
YOU SHALL
PAY.....

YOU'RE
THROUGH
TOO!



NOW, ABDUL-
THE YASHMAK?

WHO CARES
ABOUT THE VEIL!
MY BEARD! MY
BEAUTIFUL BEARD!
I AM DISORACED!
HERE-TAKE
THE VEIL!



LATER...

THE TURKISH POLICE
WILL DEAL WITH
THEM!

A THOUSAND
THANKS GARRY
HAD THE YASHMAK
AND TRIED TO RESCUE
ME, BUT HE WAS
DISCOVERED... THAT'S
WHY YOU WERE
SENT.



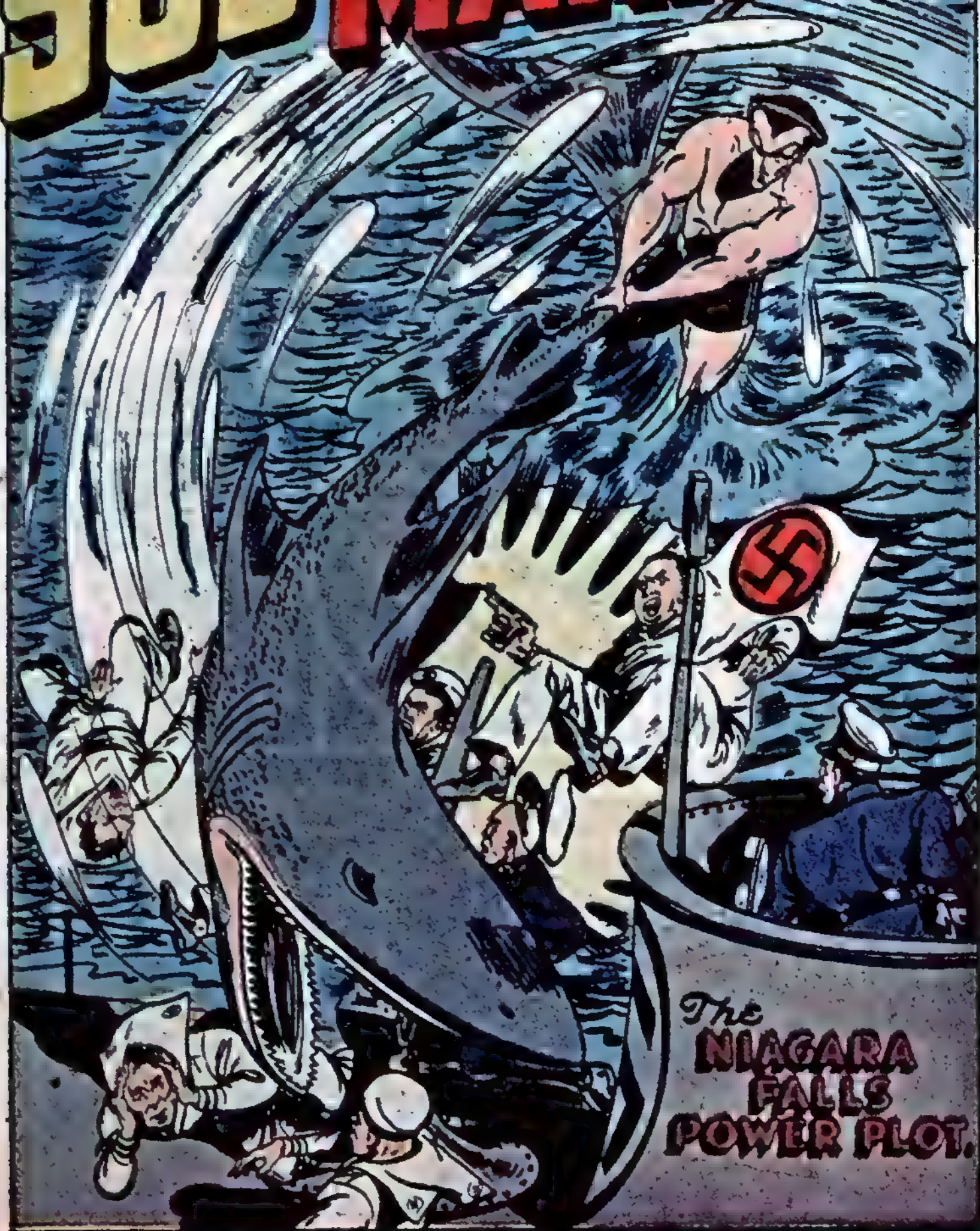
STRANGE ARE THE SIGHTS THIS
ORIENTAL CITY OF MYSTERY HAS
SEEN, BUT NONE SO STRANGE
AS TWO FLAMING FIGURES
BLAZING WESTWARD!

NICE TOWN-
WHAT WE SAW
OF IT!

AW- IT STRUCK
ME AS BEING KIND
OF OLD AND MUSTY.

WELL, PERHAPS WE CAN FIND SOMETHING MORE
EXCITING FOR TORCH AND TORO IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF MARVEL, WHEN THE SONS OF FLAME
EMBLAZON THE SIGN OF
VICTORY ACROSS THE SKY!

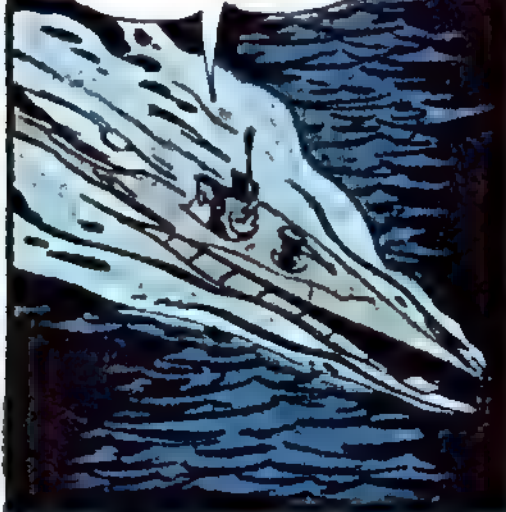
SUB-MARINER



The
**NIAGARA
FALLS
POWER PLOT.**

NIGHT OFF THE COAST OF CANADA,
SCREENS THE APPEARANCE OF AN
UNFRIENDLY VISITOR.

COME, DOKTOR GRANT.
WE'LL GO ON DECK.



THE U-BOAT COMMANDER AND TWO GUESTS
EMERGE FROM THE HATCH.

I SEE THAT BENI HAS YOUR VIOLIN.
SURELY, DOKTOR, YOU DO NOT
INTEND TO SERENADE THE
VERDAMMTE AMERICANS!

NO MATTER
WHAT MY MISSION
IS, I MUST HAVE MY
MUSIC. IT IS MY ONLY
JOY!



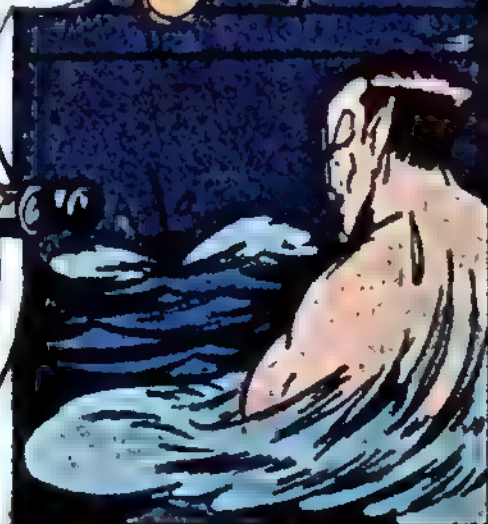
OVER THERE
LIES NORTH AMERICA.
HOW DO YOU LIKE
THE VIEW,
BENI?

I AM MORE INTERESTED
IN DER FOOD, DOKTOR
GRANT. THEY SAY
THEY HAVE REAL
MEAT- AND BUTTER!
YUM, YUM!

WHAT
IS
WRONG?

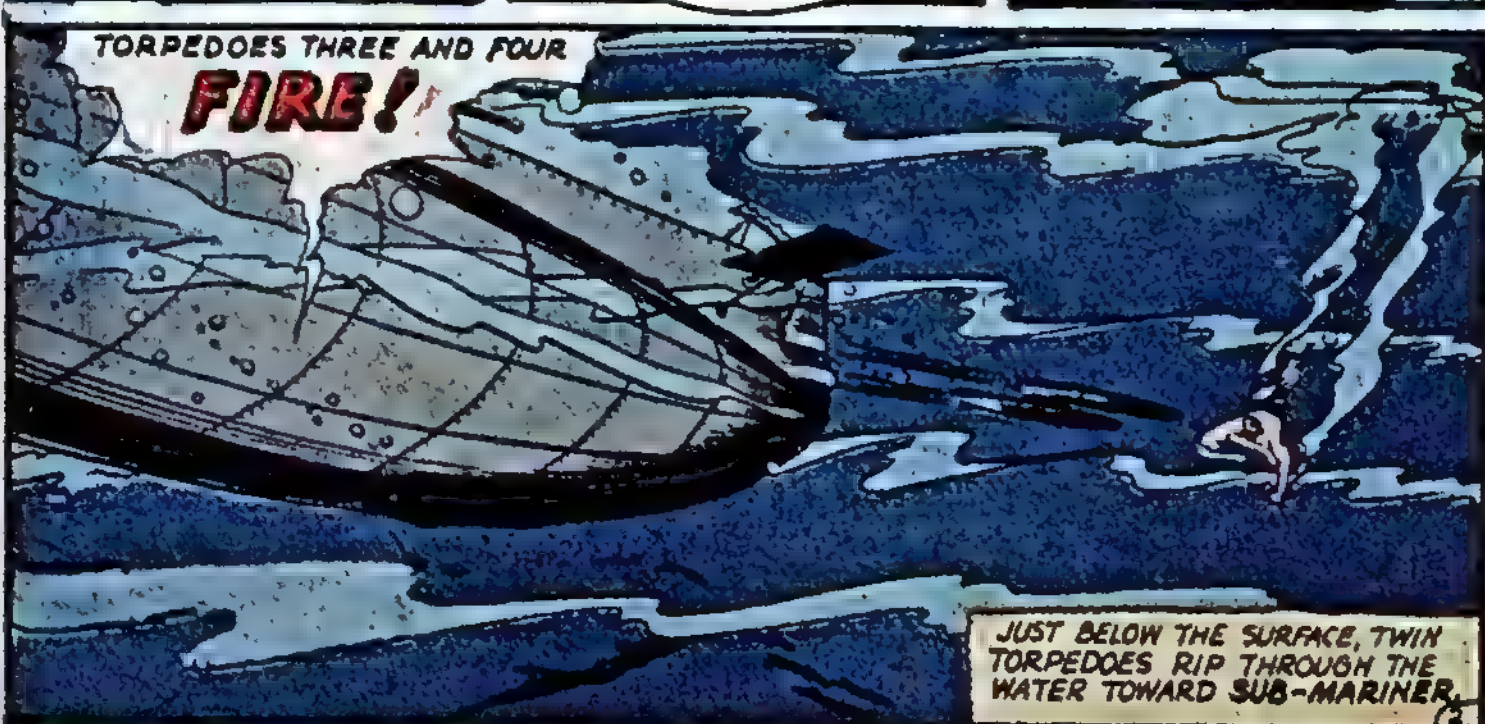
EVERYTHING!
IT IS THE
SUB-MARINER!
GO BELOW
EVERYONE!

GONNA DIVE, EH?
WELL, I CAN DIVE,
TOO!



TORPEDOES THREE AND FOUR

FIRE!



JUST BELOW THE SURFACE, TWIN
TORPEDOES RIP THROUGH THE
WATER TOWARD SUB-MARINER.

BUT SUB-MARINER SPOTS THE
CHURNING DEATH, AND DODGES
BY DIVING DEEPER!

SLASHING THROUGH THE WATER, HE
POUNCES ON THE U-BOAT'S STERN!

NOW!

THE BOYS ARE
GETTING ROUGH!
HERE'S WHERE I GET
TO WORK!

IRON MUSCLES PRESS DOWNWARD AND
HEAVES THE SUBMARINE'S BOW UP!

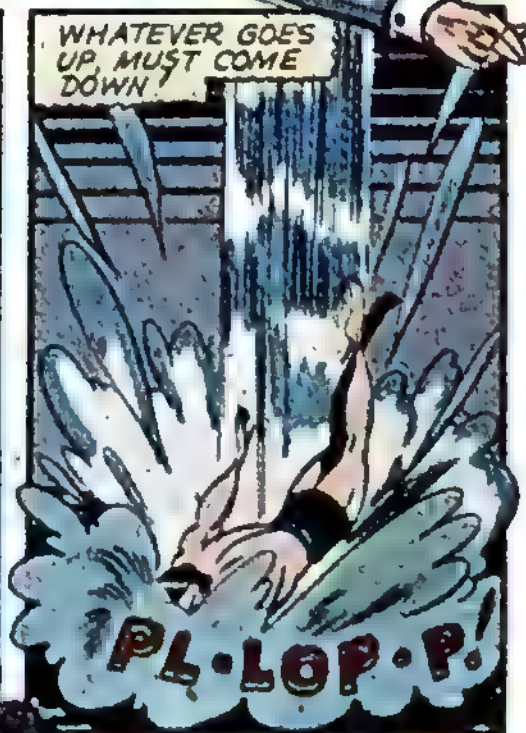
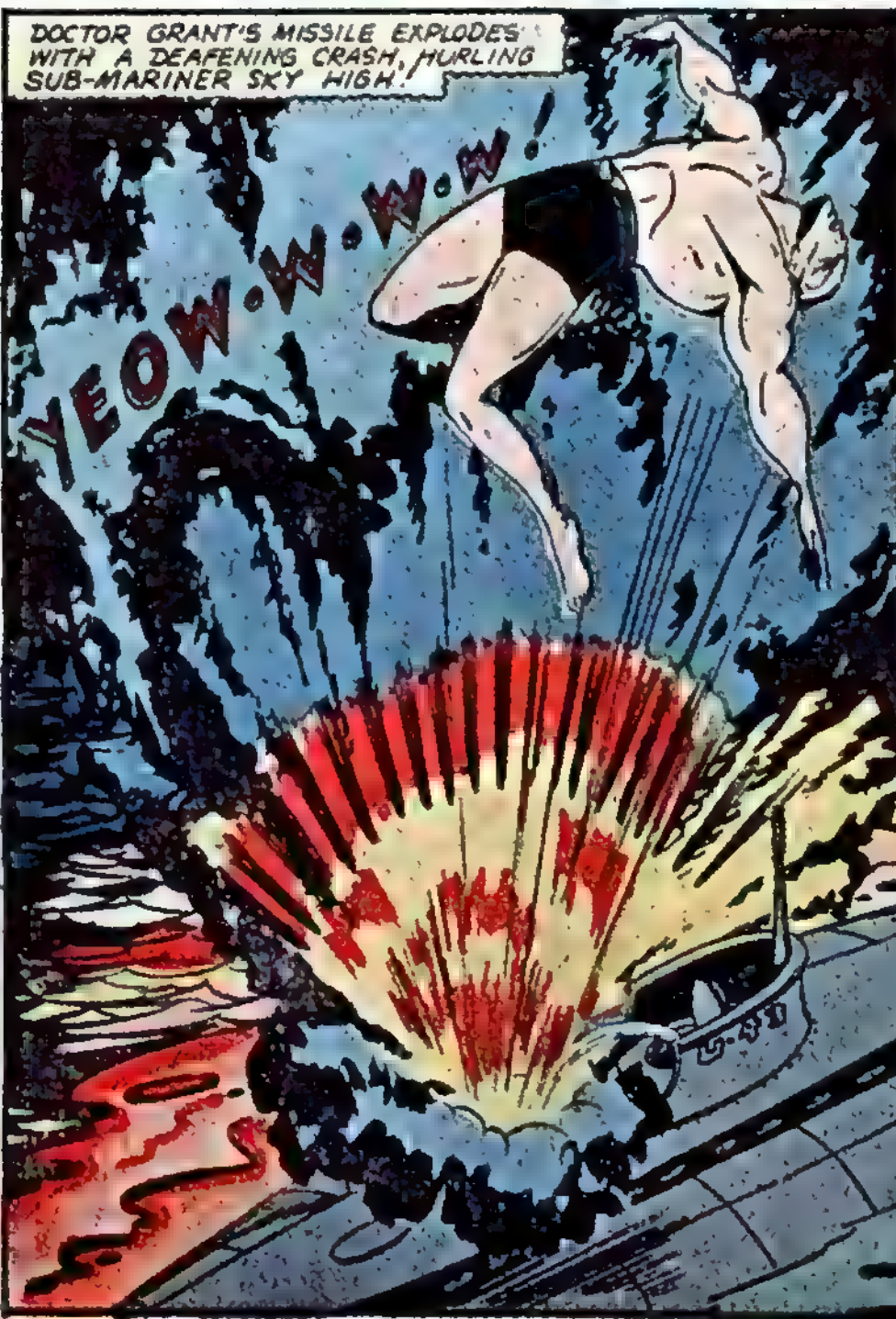
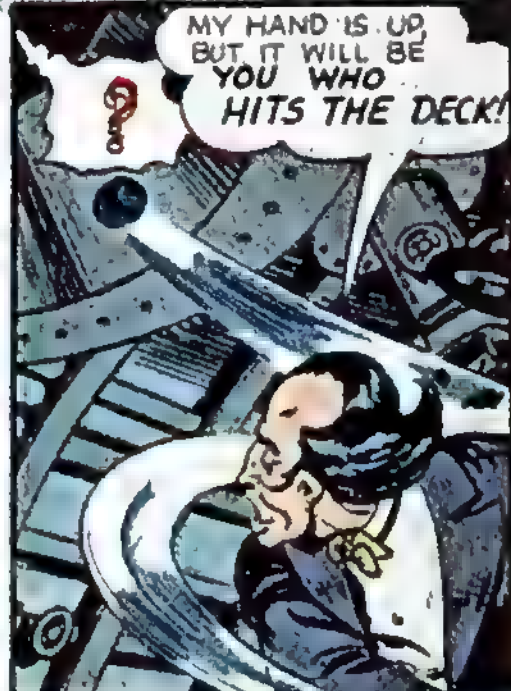
HELLUP!

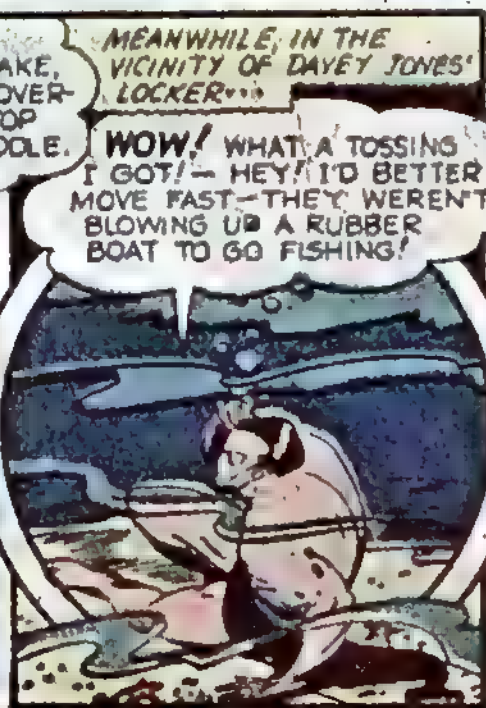
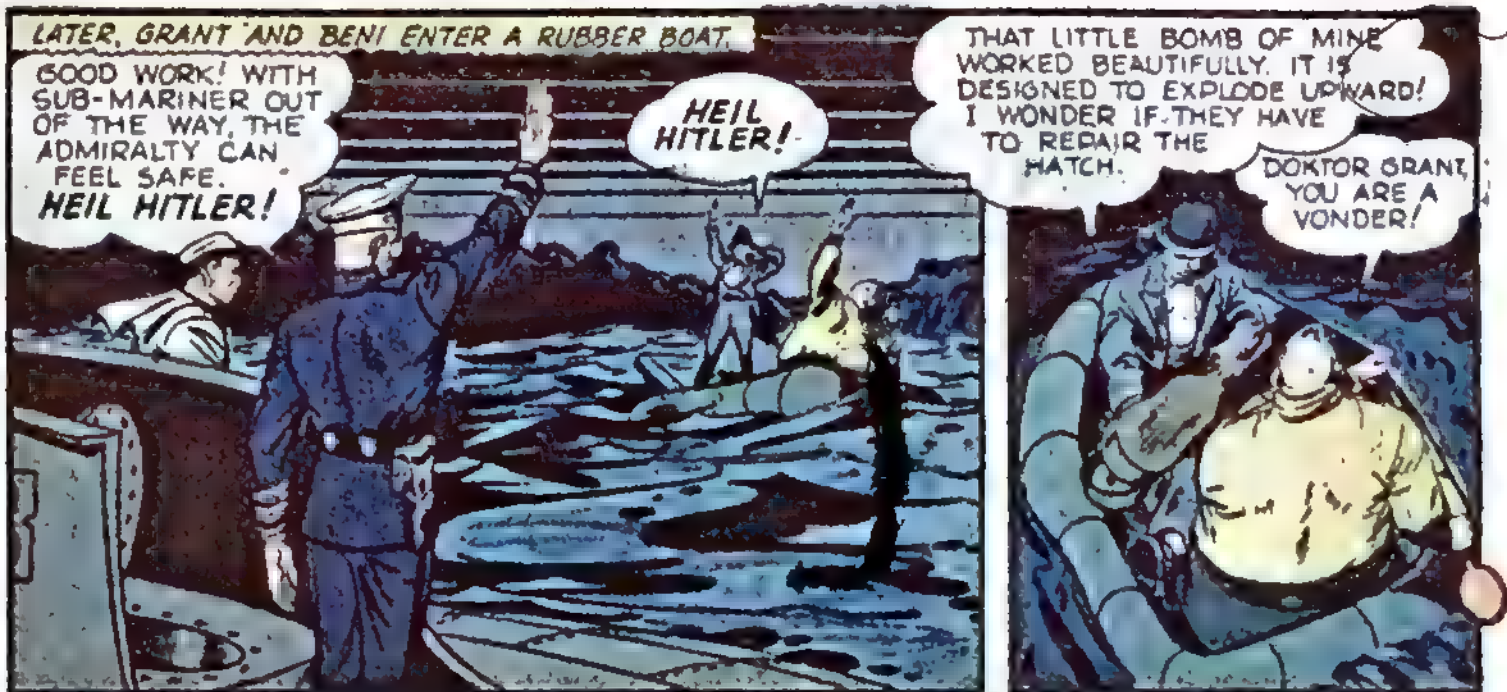
GRANT, WE
ARE DOOMED!

NOTHING LIKE
VITAMIN V
FOR VICTORY!

NOT YET!
HOIST THE
WHITE
FLAG!

WHAT? SO A HITLER'S
SUPERMEN CAN'T TAKE IT?
AND JUST WHEN I'M
ACHING FOR A FIGHT!





ON SHORE, SUB-MARINER
MAKES A CAREFUL SEARCH.

EUREKA!
THE RUBBER
BOAT!



A VIOLIN STRING! SO,
HERR SABOTEUR PULLS A
PADEREWSKI BETWEEN BOMBS!
THAT'S SOMETHING TO KNOW.
NOW, TO GET TO THE
NEAREST TOWN!



LATER...

I HOPE
THIS DOESN'T
TAKE ME LONG.
QUIET TOWN, THIS!
WHAT'S THAT?



IT ISS HEAVENLY DOKTOR!
IT INSCHPIRES ME TO
SING - SING LIKE
A THRUSH!

LIKE A CROW,
YOU MEAN!
SHUT UP!

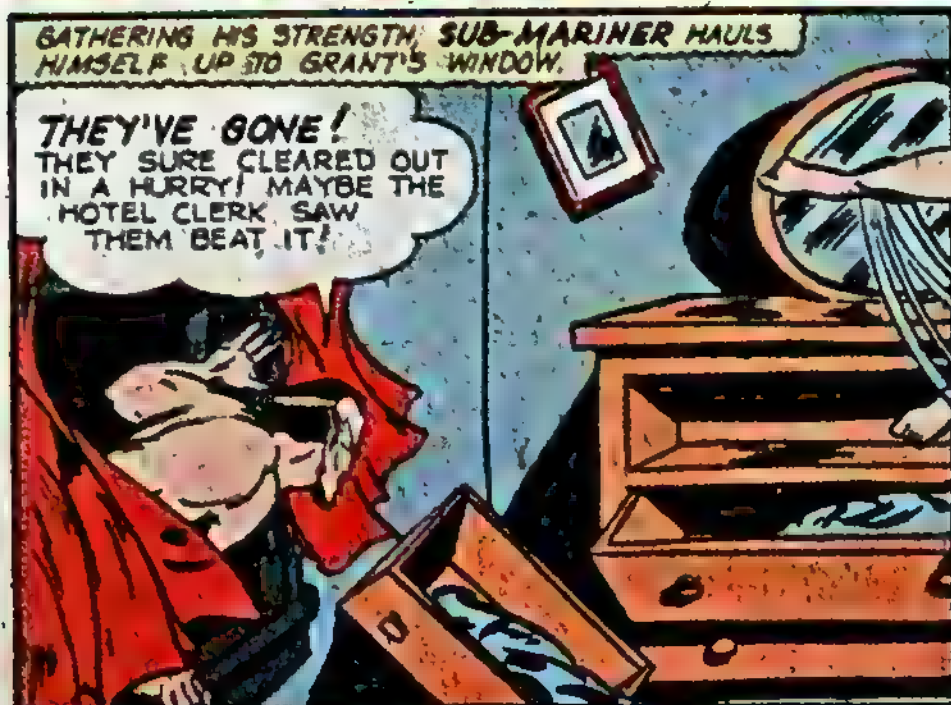
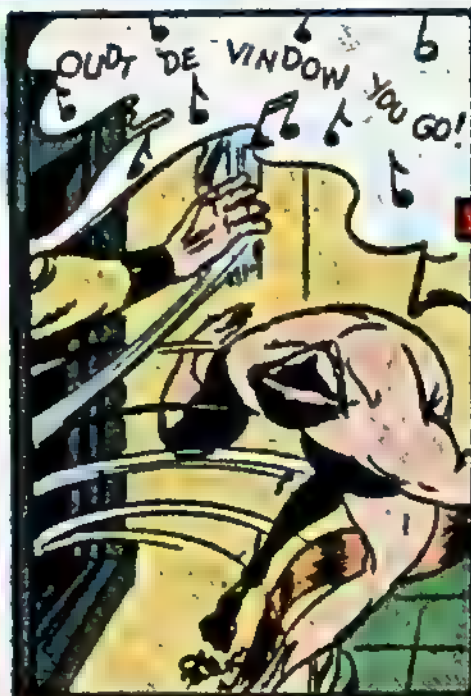
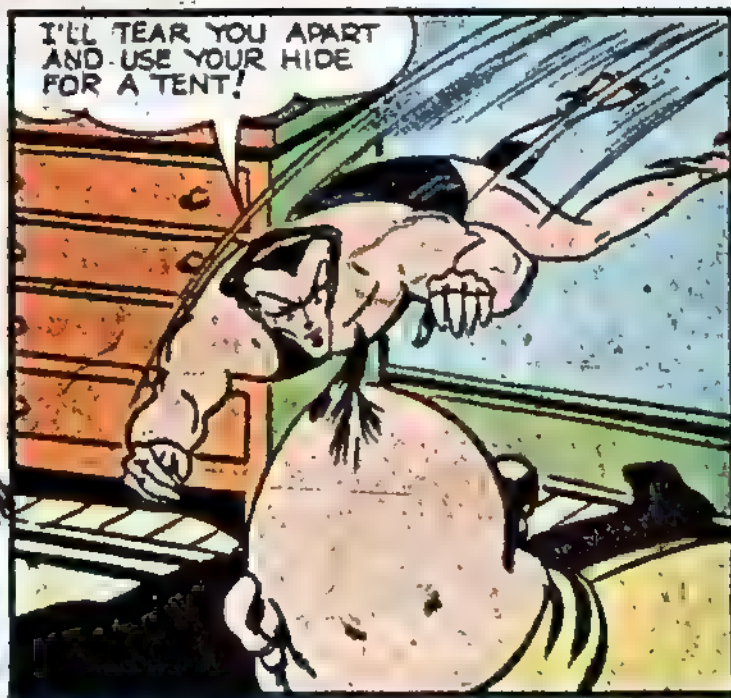
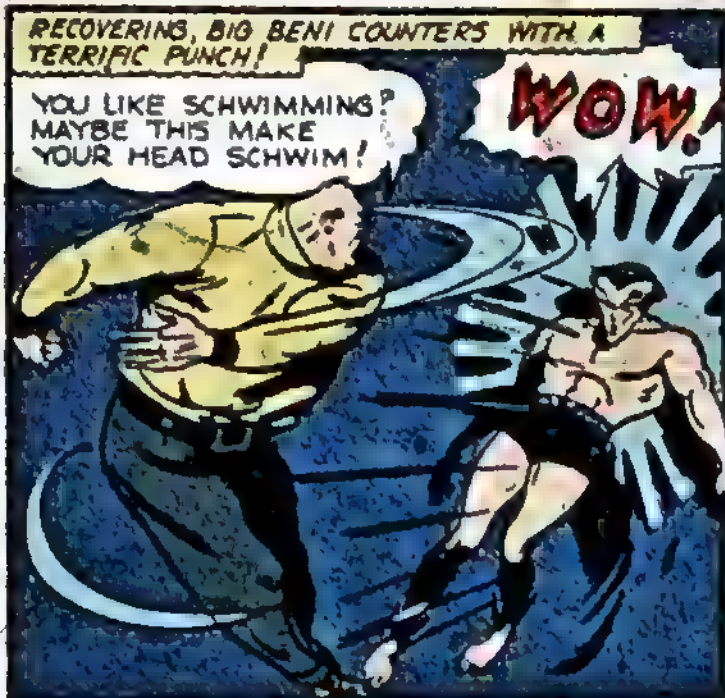


HERE'S WHERE YOU PLAY
YANKEE DOODLE,
RATZIS!

YEOW!

SUB-MARINER!





WHY, YES! THEY MADE RESERVATIONS ON THE TRAIN TO NIAGARA FALLS, AND GRABBED A TAXI TO THE STATION. THEY'LL JUST MAKE THE TRAIN.

OH! NOTHING FOR ME TO DO, THEN, BUT WAIT FOR THE NEXT TRAIN.

NEXT DAY...

I'VE SEEN A FLOCK OF HONEYMOONERS, BUT NO NAZIS. NOW, WHAT'S THAT?

A LOG WITH A NUMBER PAINTED ON IT— THAT'S ODD! MAYBE I'D BETTER STICK AROUND!

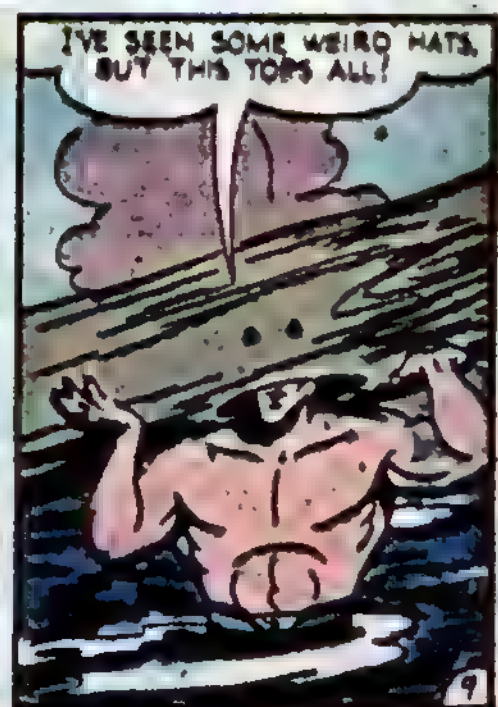
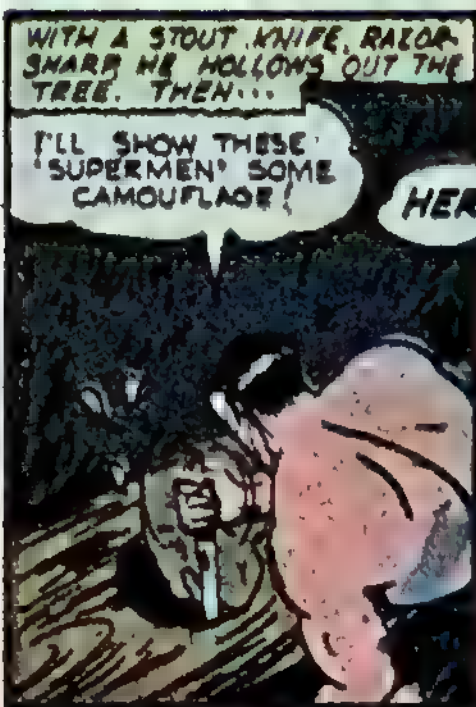
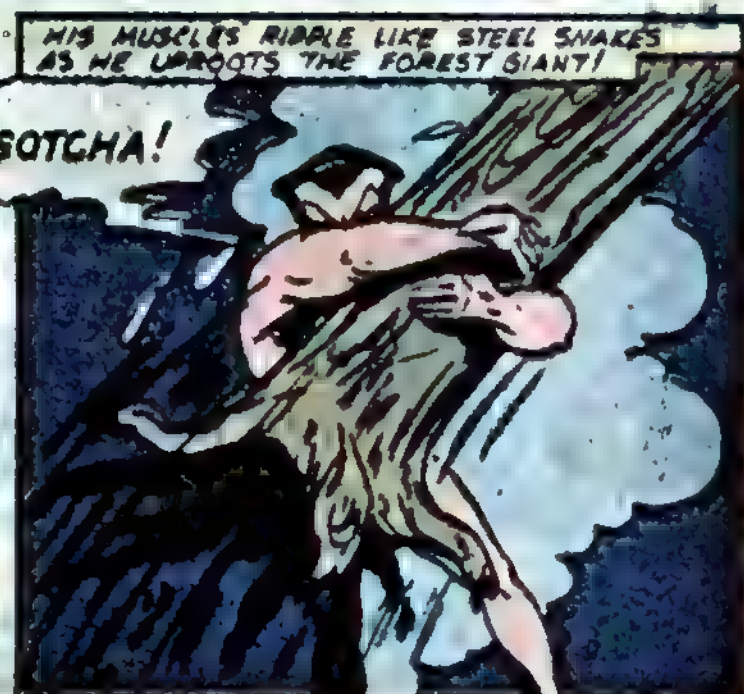
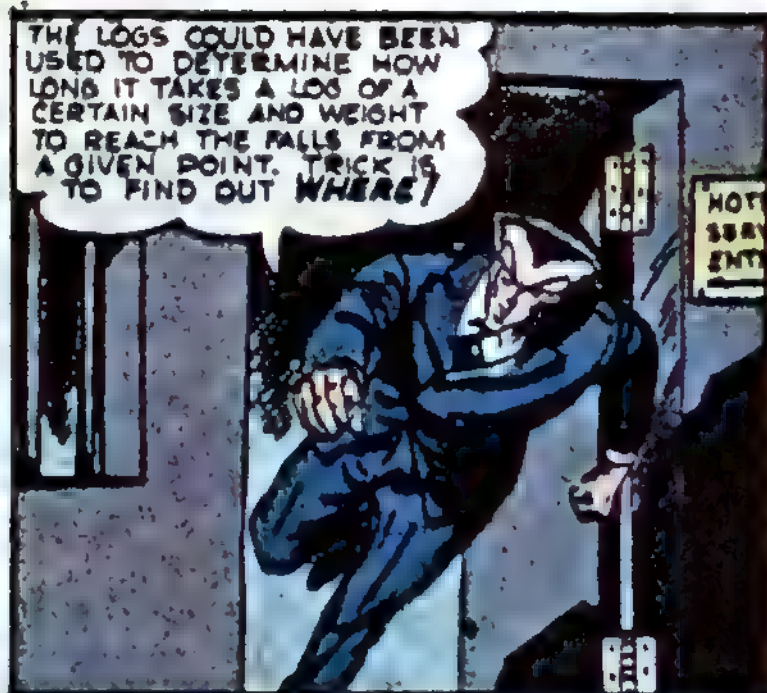
THERE GOES ANOTHER— AND STILL ANOTHER! HMM... IF I GO BELOW THE FALLS, MAYBE I CAN RETRIEVE THEM.

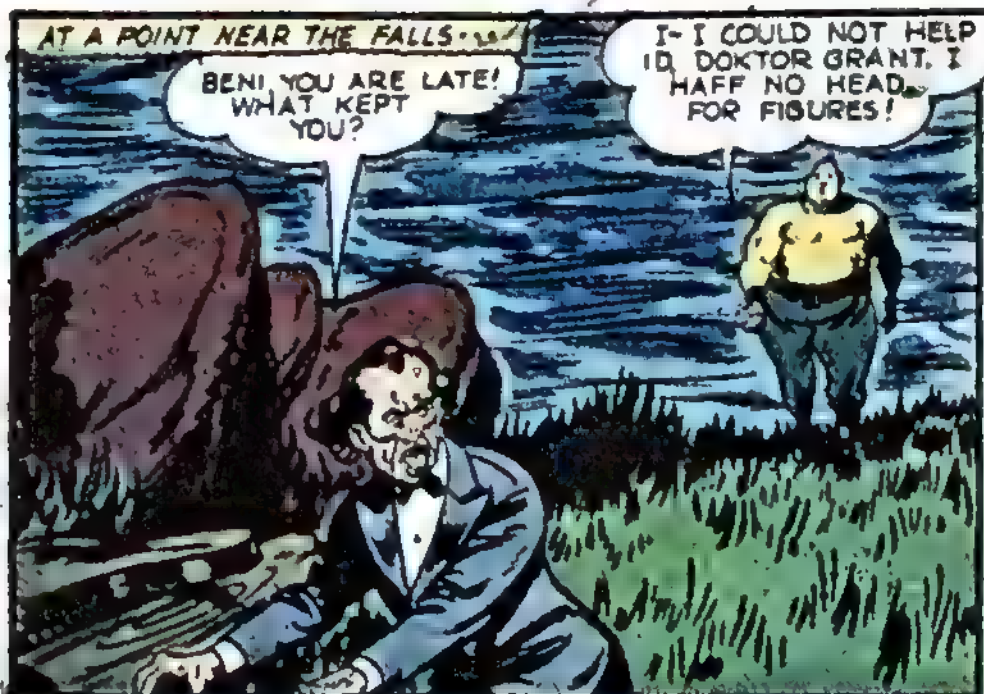
MEANWHILE, IN A HOTEL OVERLOOKING THE FALLS...

'DERE GOES DER FIFT' LOG. FIFE MORE, AND DER 'REAL YORK STARTS'.

BELOW THE FALLS, SUB-MARINER ROUNDS UP THE NUMBERED LOGS.

IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, I'M ON THE TRAIL OF THOSE TWO RATZIS. NOW TO GET ME A WEIGHING SCALE!





AT A POINT NEAR THE FALLS...

BENI, YOU ARE LATE!
WHAT KEPT YOU?

I-I COULD NOT HELP
ID, DOKTOR GRANT. I
HAFF NO HEAD
FOR FIGURES!



DIS SHOWS HOW LONG EACH
LOG TOOK TO GET TO DER
FALLS. DER TIME VAS
APPROXIMATELY DER SAME.

GOOD!

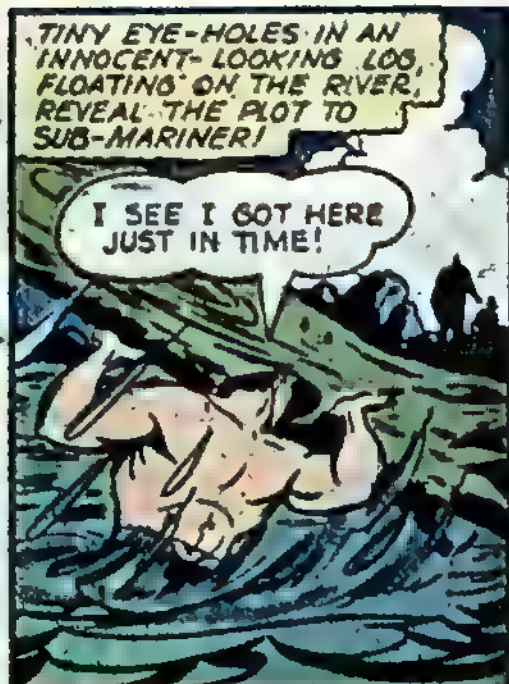


THIS LOG IS A CAMOUFLAGED
TIME-BOMB. WE SET IT TO
GO OFF WHEN IT REACHES
THE FALLS!



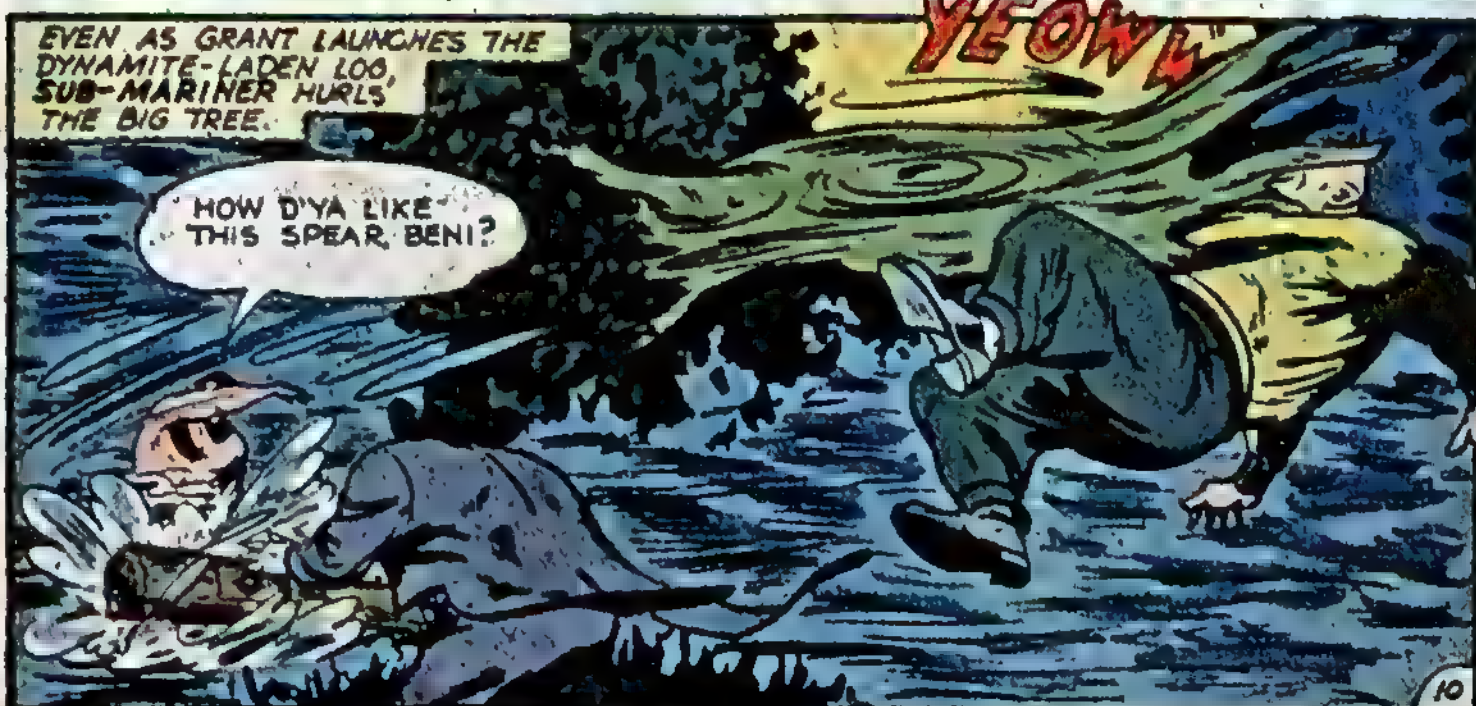
GRANT'S HAND TWIRLS A
DIAL ATTACHED TO THE
LOG.

THIS WILL BE THE
END OF ONE OF THE
LARGEST POWER-PRO-
DUCING FALLS IN
NORTH AMERICA AND
WE WILL BE FAR
AWAY!



TINY EYE-HOLES IN AN
INNOCENT-LOOKING LOG
FLOATING ON THE RIVER
REVEAL THE PLOT TO
SUB-MARINER!

I SEE I GOT HERE
JUST IN TIME!



EVEN AS GRANT LAUNCHES THE
DYNAMITE-LADEN LOG,
SUB-MARINER HURLS
THE BIG TREE.

HOW D'YA LIKE
THIS SPEAR, BENI?

YEOW!

AS THE RAPIDS CARRY BENI,
AND THE DYNAMITE LOG
DOWNSTREAM, SUB-MARINER
CLOSES IN ON GRANT.

ONCE I'VE DISPOSED
OF YOU, I'LL BE FREE
TO GET THAT LOG.

IF I DIE, 'HERR PORPOISE,
I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME!
HA-HA-HA!

WELL, I'LL
BE----

WITH A FLOURISH, GRANT
DRAWS THE BOW OVER HIS
VIOLIN STRINGS!

YOU LIKE MY
MUSIC? WAIT TILL
I HIT THE
HIGH
NOTE!

THE VIOLIN, LOADED WITH
T.N.T., IS RIGGED UP
ELECTRICALLY TO EXPLODE ON
A CERTAIN MUSICAL NOTE!

YE-E-E-E-O-W!

BANG!

THE BLAST, SUFFICIENT TO KILL AN ORDINARY MAN, HURLS SUB-MARINER INTO THE WATER



GLUB!

AND THE ICEY WATER PREVENTS HIM FROM LOSING HIS SENSES.



SOME FUN! HEY! THAT LOG'S HEADING FOR THE FALLS! I'VE GOT TO REACH IT!

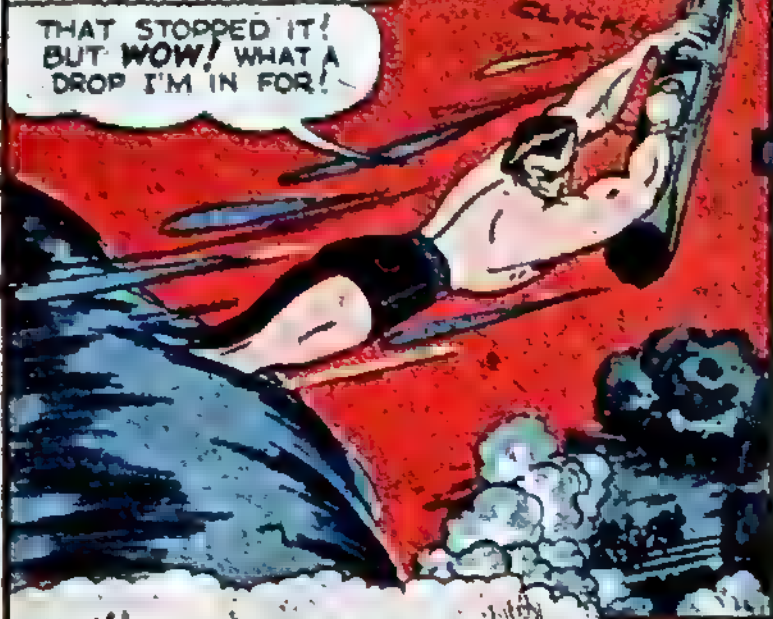
POWERFUL STROKES PROPEL SUB-MARINER THROUGH THE WATER IN A DESPERATE RACE WITH DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!



A FEW MORE YARDS! IF I DON'T GET IT, IT'LL GO WHAM!

TICK! TICK! TICK!

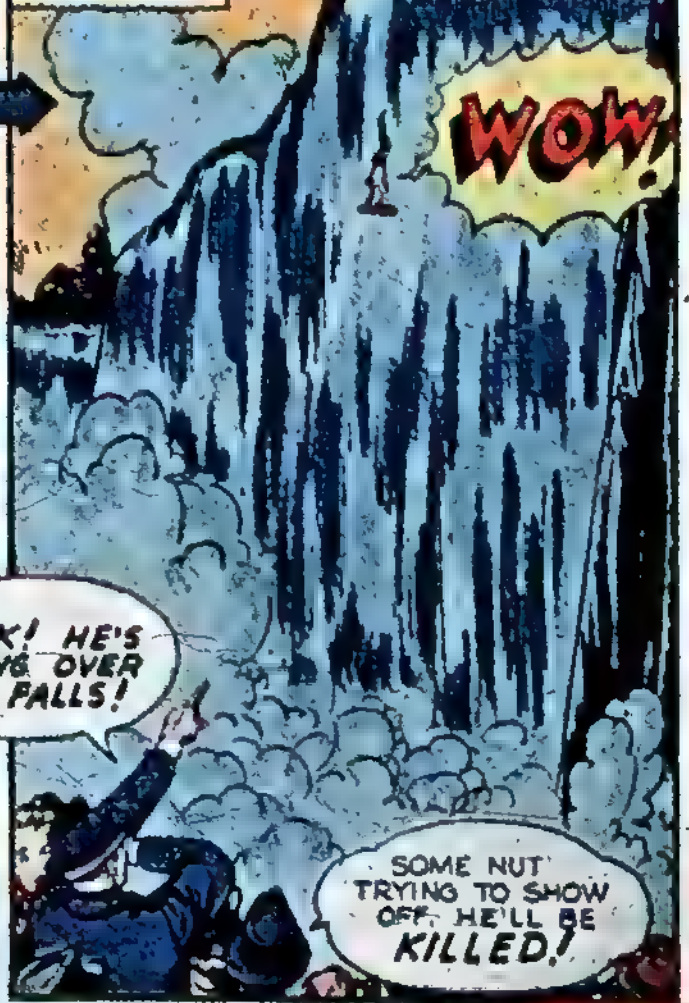
AT THE EDGE OF THE FALLS, HE SNARES THE LOG AND TWISTS THE DIAL!



THAT STOPPED IT! BUT WOW! WHAT A DROP I'M IN FOR!

CLICK!

HOLDING THE LOG HIGH TO PREVENT ANY JAR FROM SETTING OFF THE CHARGE, SUB-MARINER GETS THE PLUNGE OF HIS LIFE!



WOW!

WOW! I SURE GOT THROWN AROUND THIS TIME! WELL, THAT'S THAT! NOW TO CONTACT THE F.B.I. AND TELL THEM THIS CASE IS CLOSED!



LOOK! HE'S GOING OVER THE FALLS!

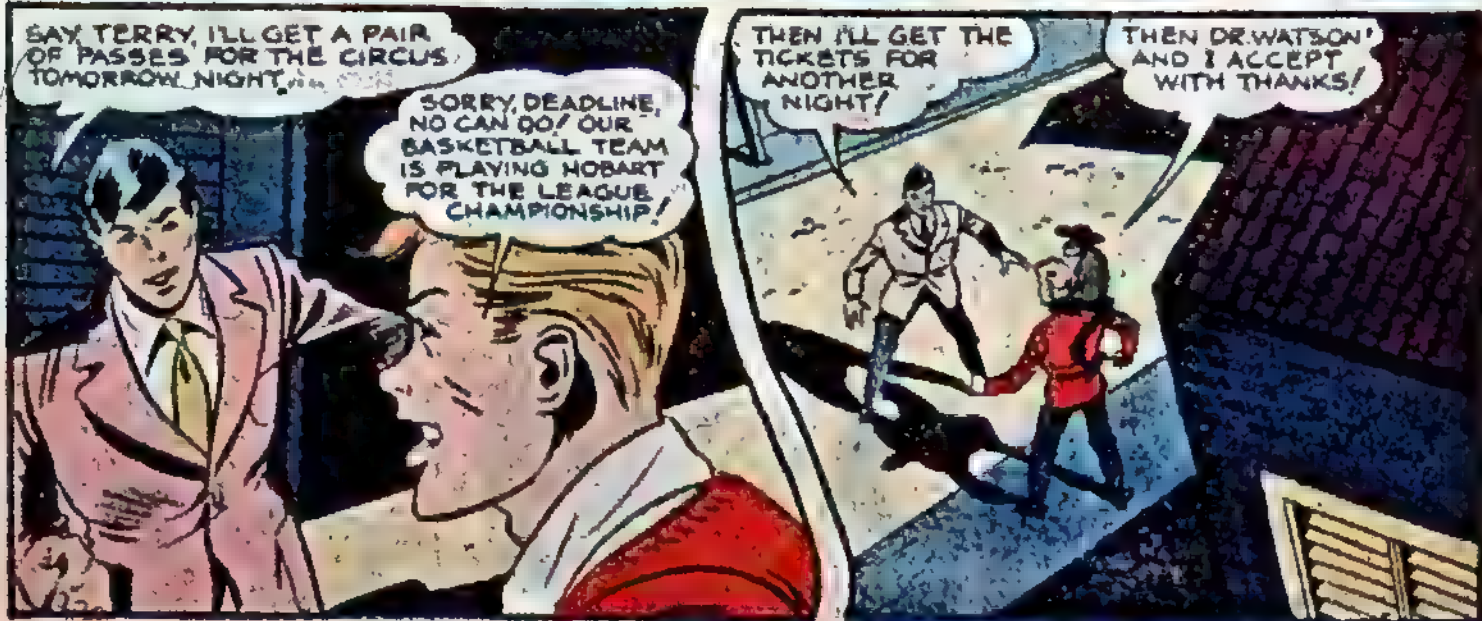
SOME NUT TRYING TO SHOW OFF. HE'LL BE KILLED!

SUB-MARINER DARINGLY OPPOSES AND DEFEATS OUR ENEMIES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS. DO YOUR SHARE BY CONTINUING TO BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS.

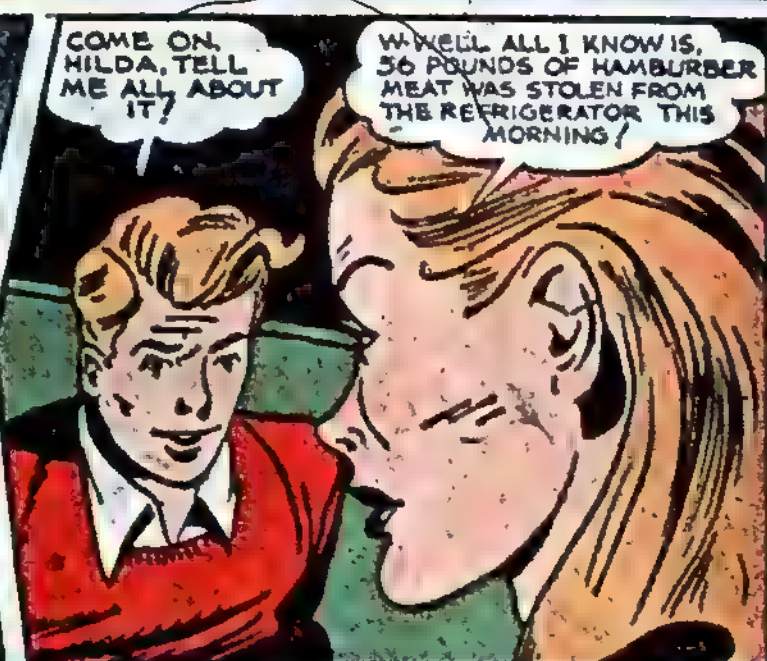
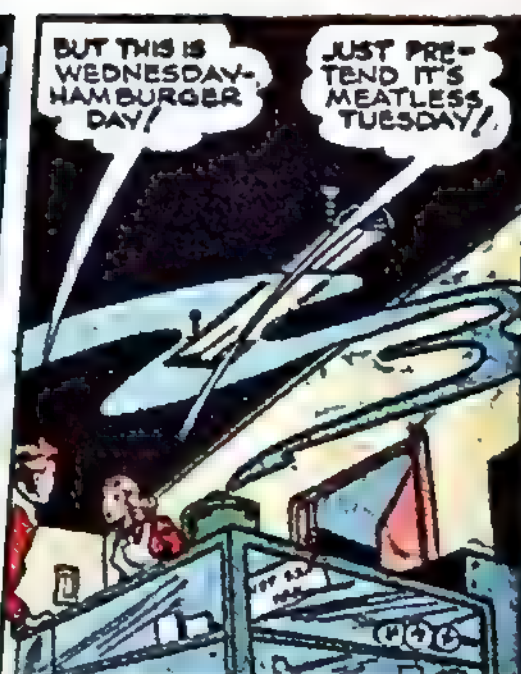
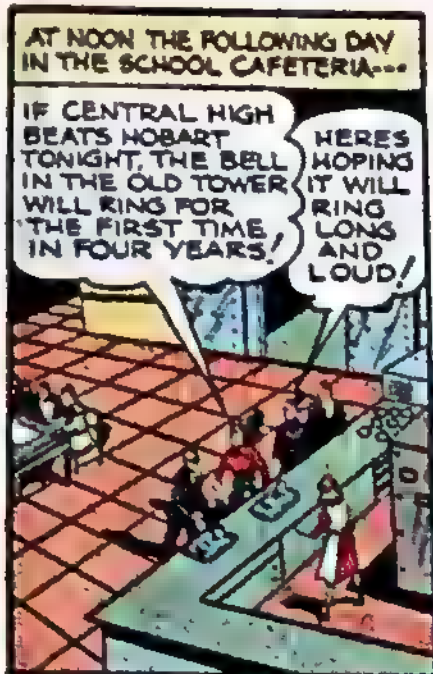
Terry Vance

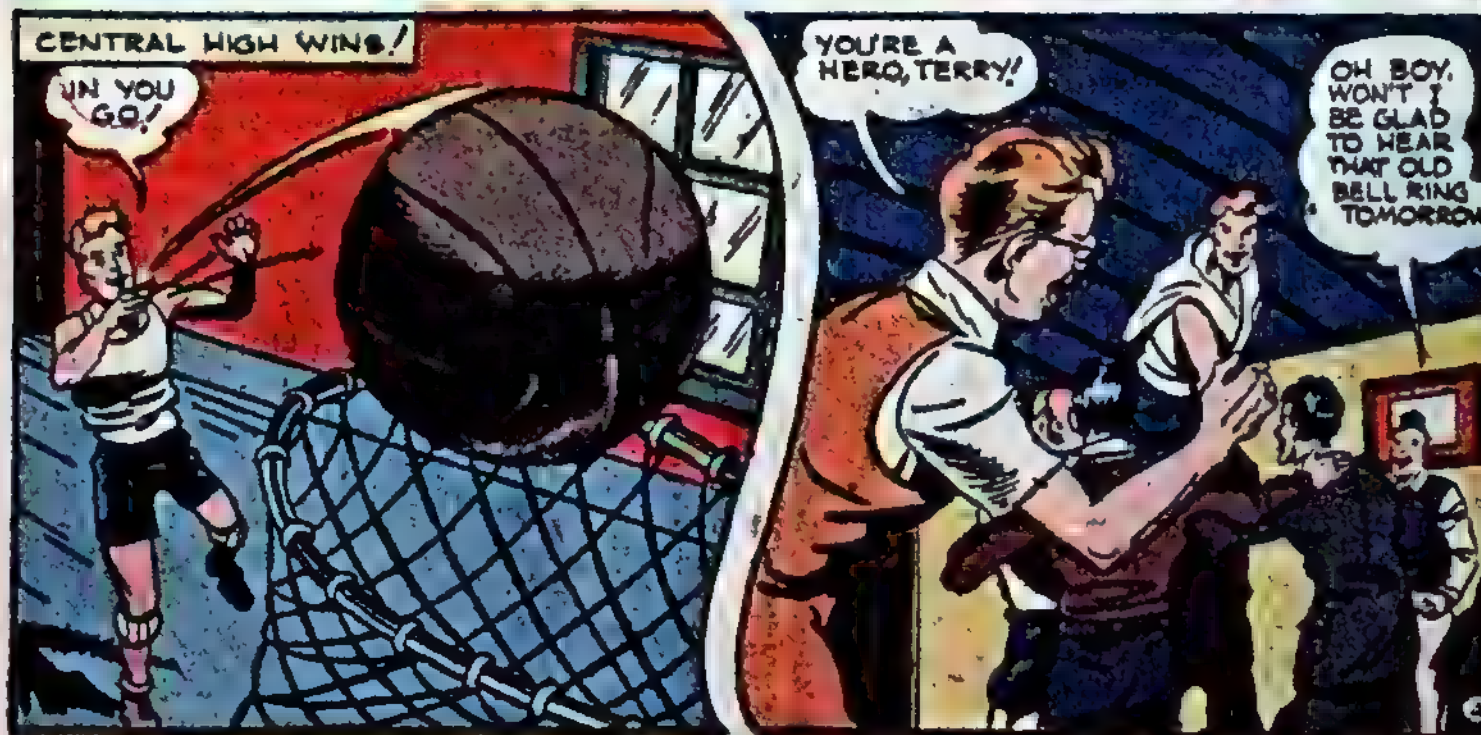
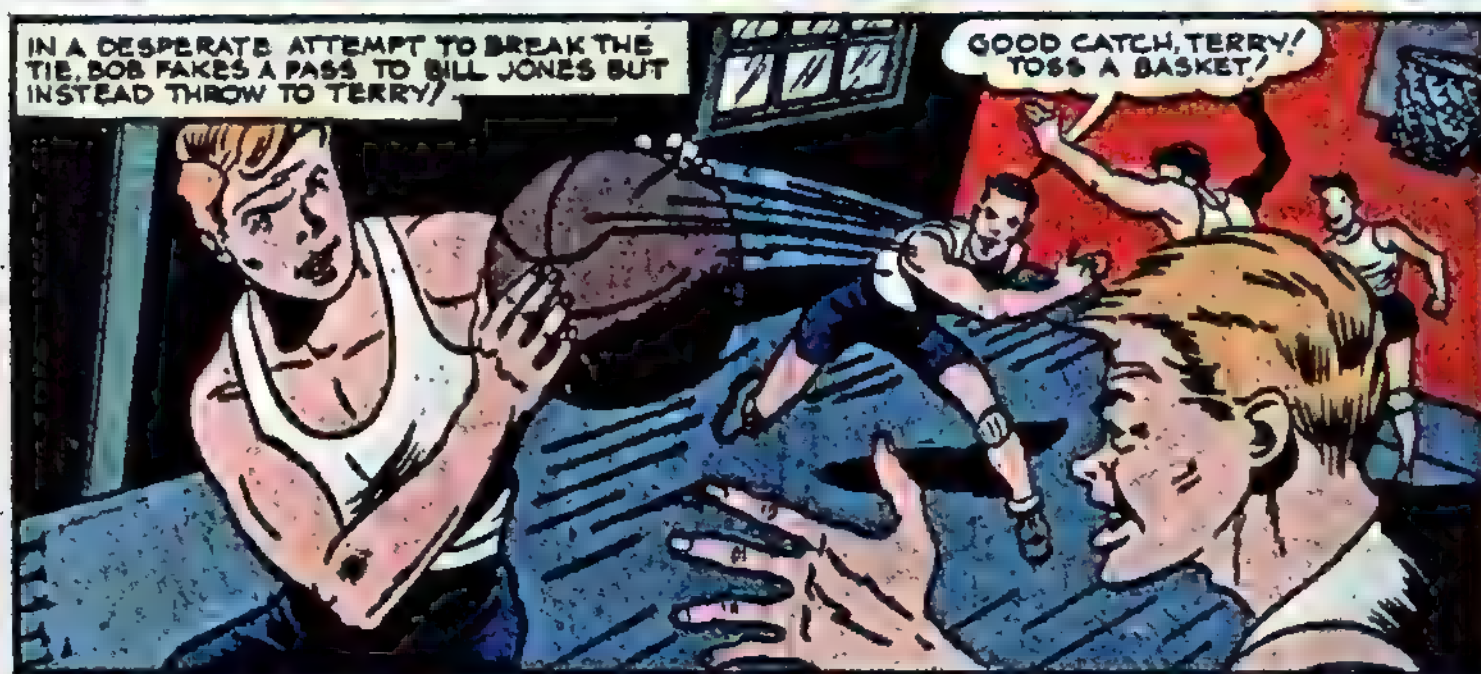
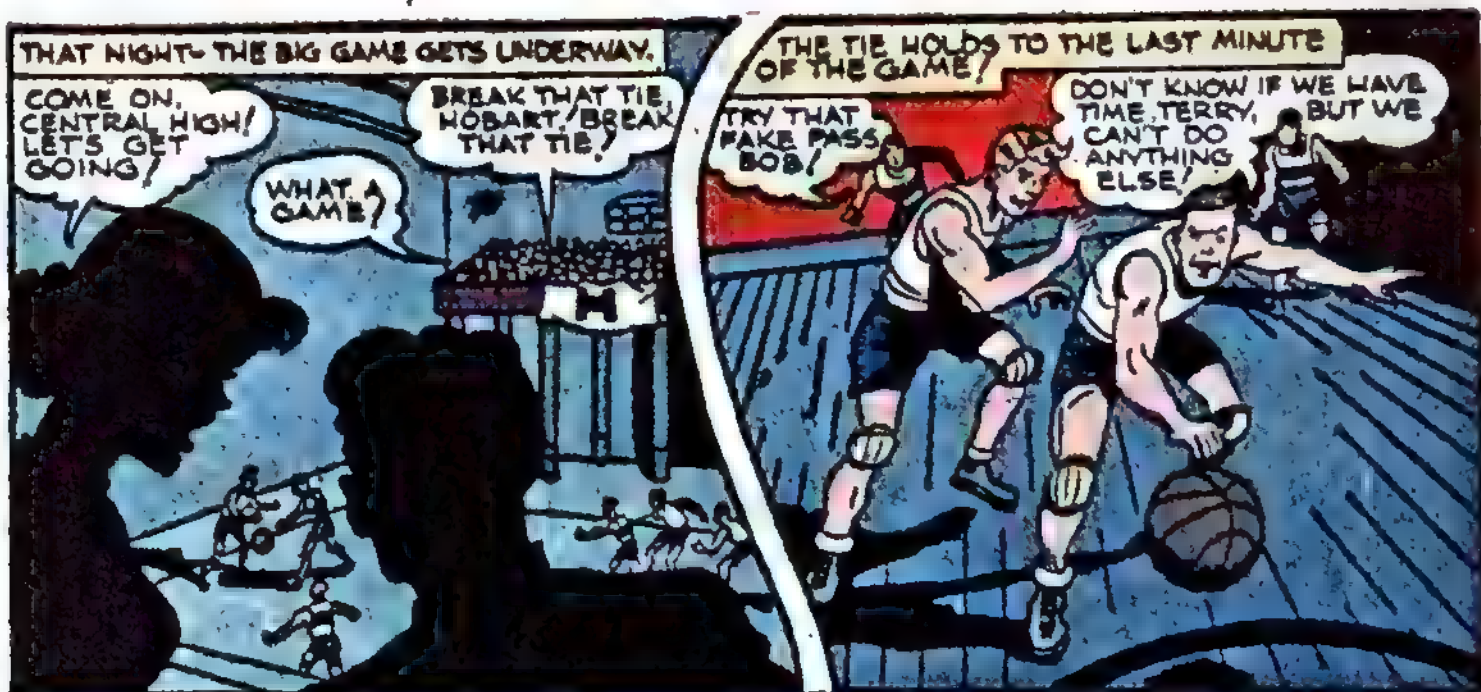
The School Boy Sleuth

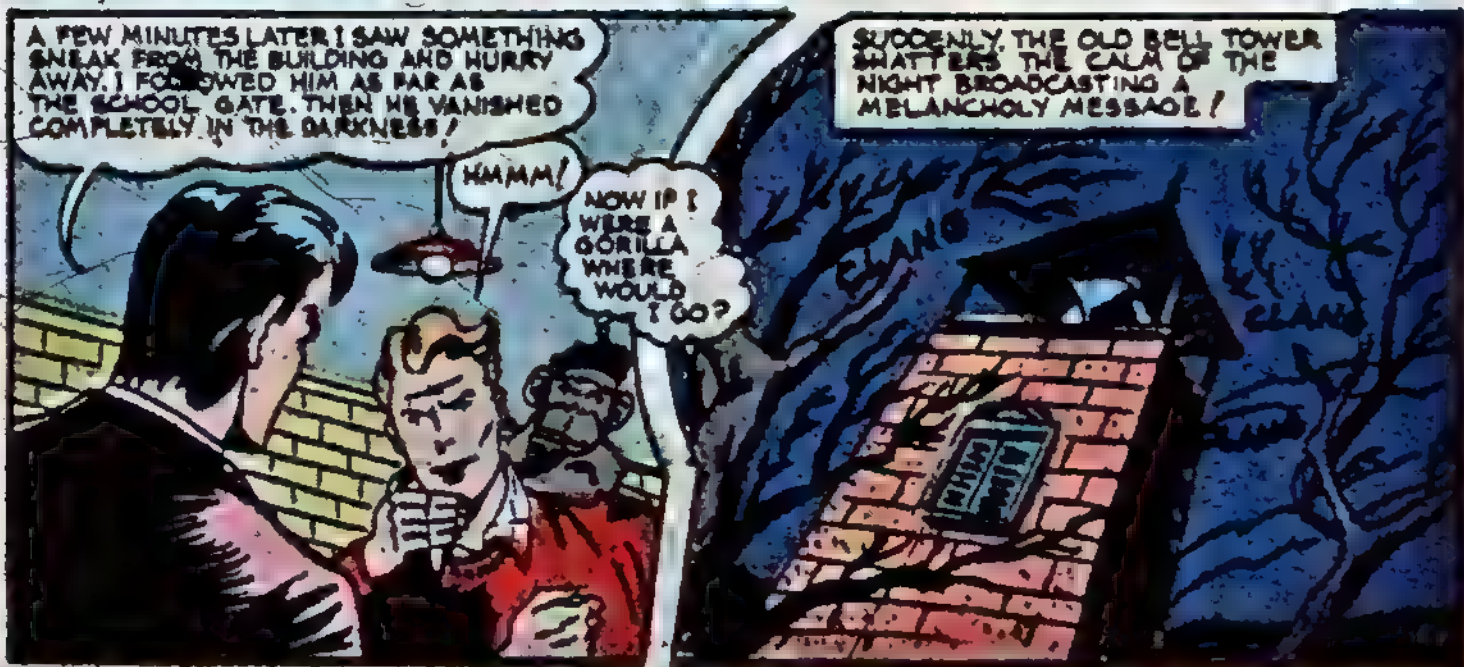
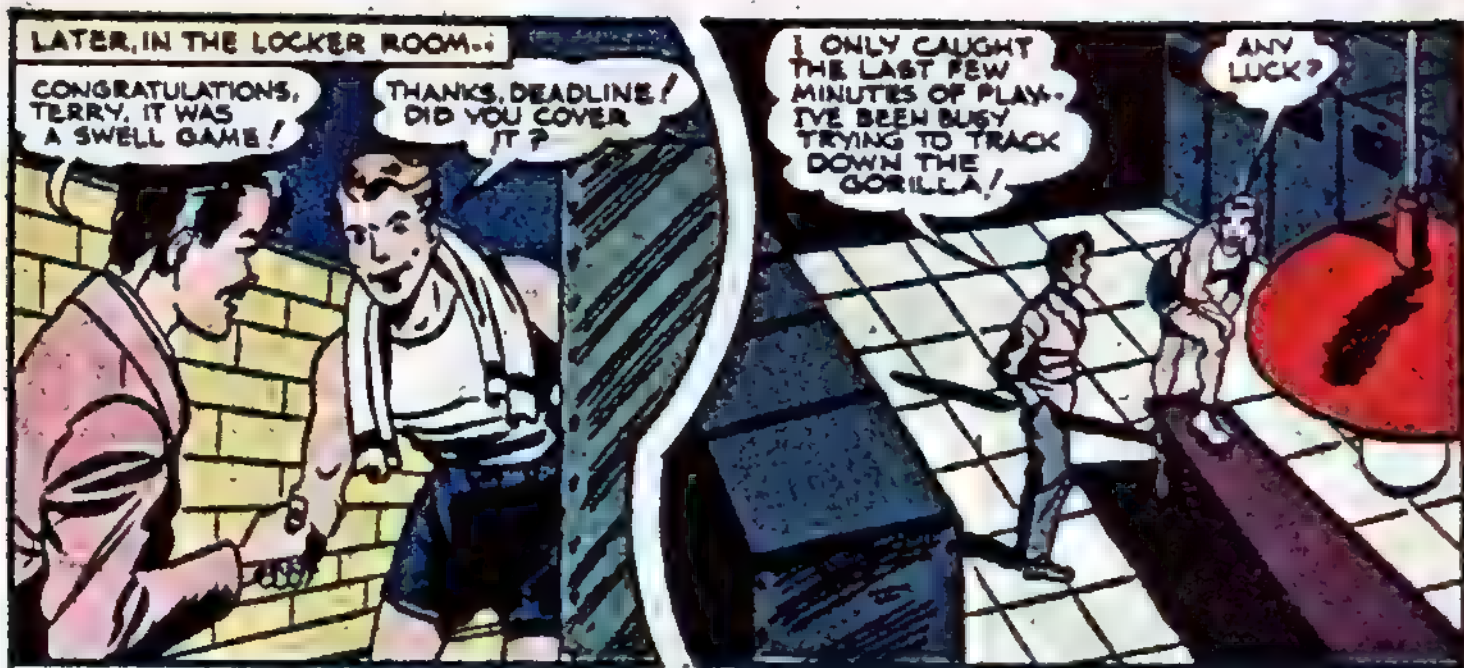
The CIRCUS MYSTERY

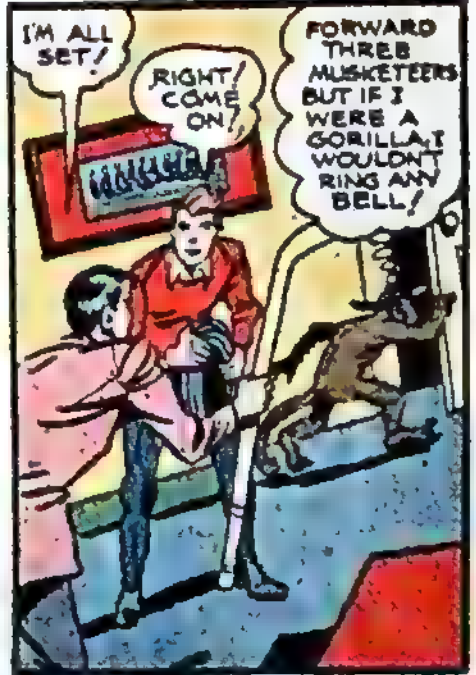














BE CAREFUL, DEADLINE! DON'T MOVE!

AND LET COLOSSO MAKE MINCE MEAT OF US?



DEADLINE BACKS THE HUGE BEAST INTO THE BELL TOWER—

ONE STEP FURTHER AND I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!



THEN, THE CORNERED BEAST TURNS ON DEADLINE!

GRRRRRR!



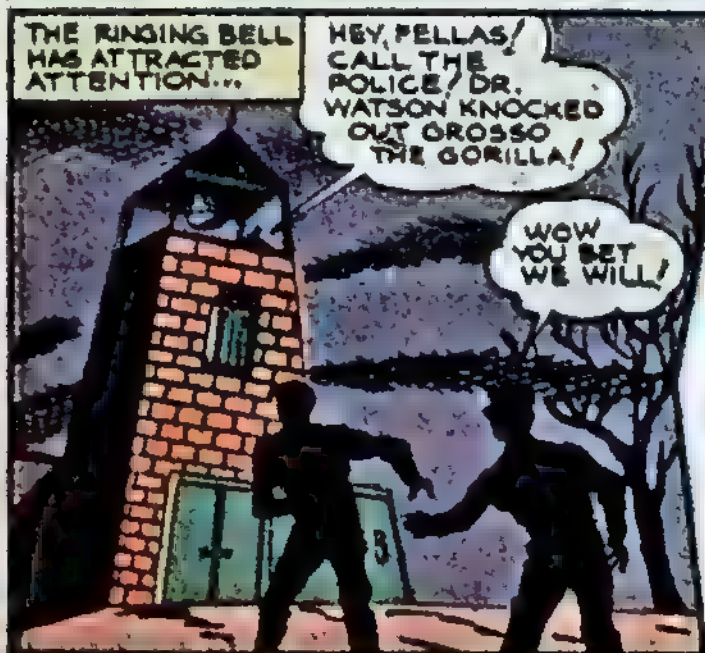
UNNOTICED BY COLOSSO, DR. WATSON MAKES HIS WAY TO THE GREAT BELL—

I'LL FIX THIS BIG LUG!



I HOPE THIS HURTS YOU!

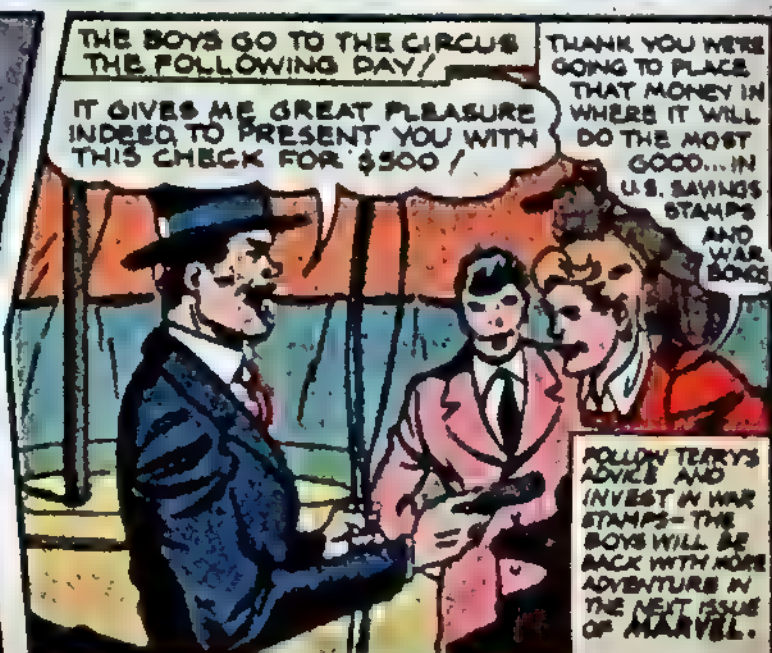
BONG!



THE RINGING BELL HAS ATTRACTED ATTENTION...

HEY, FELLAS! CALL THE POLICE! DR. WATSON KNOCKED OUT GROSSO THE GORILLA!

WOW YOU BET WE WILL!



THE BOYS GO TO THE CIRCUS THE FOLLOWING DAY!

IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE INDEED TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS CHECK FOR \$500!

THANK YOU WERE GOING TO PLACE THAT MONEY IN WHERE IT WILL DO THE MOST GOOD... IN U.S. SAVINGS STAMPS AND WAR BONDS!

FOLLOW TERRY'S ADVICE AND INVEST IN WAR STAMPS—THE BOYS WILL BE BACK WITH MORE ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL.

The RIGHT KIND OF STUFF

SOMETHING was wrong the flakes of pumice in the oil that guys don't waste time ... with the big olive-drab army vehicles and Dan couldn't figure it out. Green apples might have done it but army trucks, or any other kind for that matter, do not subsist on green apples. Gas and oil, good stuff at that, was what they ate up. ...

"East Point wants their trucks tomorrow." Captain Collins walked over to where Dan frowned at the huge motor under the lifted hood. "Got everything running?"

Dan hesitated. "This one's kind of cranky. May have to drop the pen ... number three bearing is bad. This stuff'll roll though, if I have to keep the crew on all night!"

He breathed easier as the Captain swung briskly away across the apron. He got a creeper and a plug wrench and rolled under the big job. Suspicion had been growing in his mind since finding fault with the huge 6 x 6 prime mover and with the three recon cars and the ambulance. Dan's fingers trembled a little as he loosened the crankcase plug and drained it.

His muscles stiffened and his eyes grew hot around the edges when he dipped his fingers in, rubbed them together and felt

the flakes of pumice in the oil. What had been suspicion before smoking!

crystallized into certainty now. Swiftly he replaced the plug, grabbed the exhaust pipe and whisked himself out and across the narrow aisle between the feed lines and under the next recon. Again he removed the drain plug and examined the oil. Someone had deliberately put pumice in the oil of all the cars for East Point!

Dan put a special crew to work draining and thoroughly flushing the motors. It was the only thing to do in so short a time. Sometimes it was a headache trying to run the shop. Either the work was on the line or there was a new foreman and crew if necessary. Dan walked away.

He washed and got a drink. He found Ted in the locker room, propped in a corner, brooding out a window, smoking.

"You're not supposed to be smoking in here," Dan reminded him. "You let the Captain catch you—"

"Any skin off your neck?" Ted turned a greasy, sullen face in Dan's direction. "You needn't worry about getting bounced. You're too good! They need someone like you to see to it

Dan waited a minute. He knew what was eating Ted ... "Still sore because you weren't reclassified?"

Ted snubbed his cigarette, dropped it in the pocket of his work shirt. "Look," he said, advancing to where Dan stood. "You put the others up for reclassification. I'd have got more money—"

"Sure. But you're not worth it!"

"Thanks!" Ted snarled. "We can't all be as good as you!"

LATER Dan realized that it didn't make sense, Ted was healthy, smart. There was something wrong on he wouldn't have attempted putting pumice in motor oil ... if he had.

There was a dim light in the back of the house and it was a long time before anyone came to answer his knock. It took courage to do this—

A small woman opened the door, her fingers were white where she gripped the edge.

Dan said, "I'd like to see Ted."

"He's not in," was the abrupt answer. "He went down town to see to it I don't know where."

Dan stepped away. The air Well, go ahead!" Ted's voice a whining pup and drove a shat-coming from the house was rose, "You've got it in for me! taring blow in. The fellow went cold. A child cried restlessly. You always were snooping, al- down trembling, then relaxed Dan touched his cap. "Thanks, ways watching, trying to frame and lay still. Dan whirled— anyway. I'll try to locate him. me—" On the hill side above him Good night." He paused for lack of breath Ted and his opponent were bat-

He located Ted but Ted was talking to a couple of tough, foreign-looking birds. Ted was just finishing a drink and Dan stayed out of the way, watching till the party split up. When the two men left Ted, Dan hurried after them. This was risky but . . . necessary.

TED looked funny the next day. Nothing definite Dan could see, just an uneasy expression about his eyes.

"I'm taking you off the rack," Dan announced quietly. "Putting you on the test line. You're inside too much, need a change. Get a test place and start that line rolling." Swiftly Dan hung a test plate on a pick-up, prepared to follow.

It was nice in the country. The wind was raw and cold from the hills but the sun was bright and warm where it was sheltered. The road climbed through naked hills toward a sharp blue sky.

Dan saw the test job ahead of him. The olive-drab machine was pulled over to the side but Ted wasn't in sight. Dan pulled the pick-up off the road and plunged into the woods.

Ted was sitting on a stump his hand just lifting a cigarette to his lips. He saw Dan and jumped up, his face whitening.

"All right," he said sullenly.
"I suppose you're going to have
me canned for loafing now!"

a whining pup and drove a shattering blow in. The fellow went down trembling, then relaxed and lay still. Dan whirled—

They slipped. Ted was thrown off balance and the gun came around—went off. Ted cried out faintly and dropped.

He drove in a smashing blow

and the gunman went spinning down the slope: a limp, whipped mass.

Ted was holding his arm. Something had gone out of his eyes. Slowly he got to his feet, his mouth twisted with pain. He faced Dan squarely, his glance steady.

"Okay," he said softly. "I can take it! I was a chump, but I'm willing to pay up. I let them talk me into it because of the money. I needed it — never mind why."

"Dan said slowly. "I don't care why. You're okay. I'll take care of that reclassification as soon as you're back. The rest is off the record. I caught most of that stuff for Camp Evans before it went out. It won't happen again."

"You're darn tootin' it won't!" Ted hesitated, staring down hull at the two sprawled figures. "I can't figure out what made them check—"

Don said quietly, "I figured it would take something like this to make you snap out of it. I told them last night to watch you, that you were a straight guy. I had a hunch you'd not make a liar of me!"

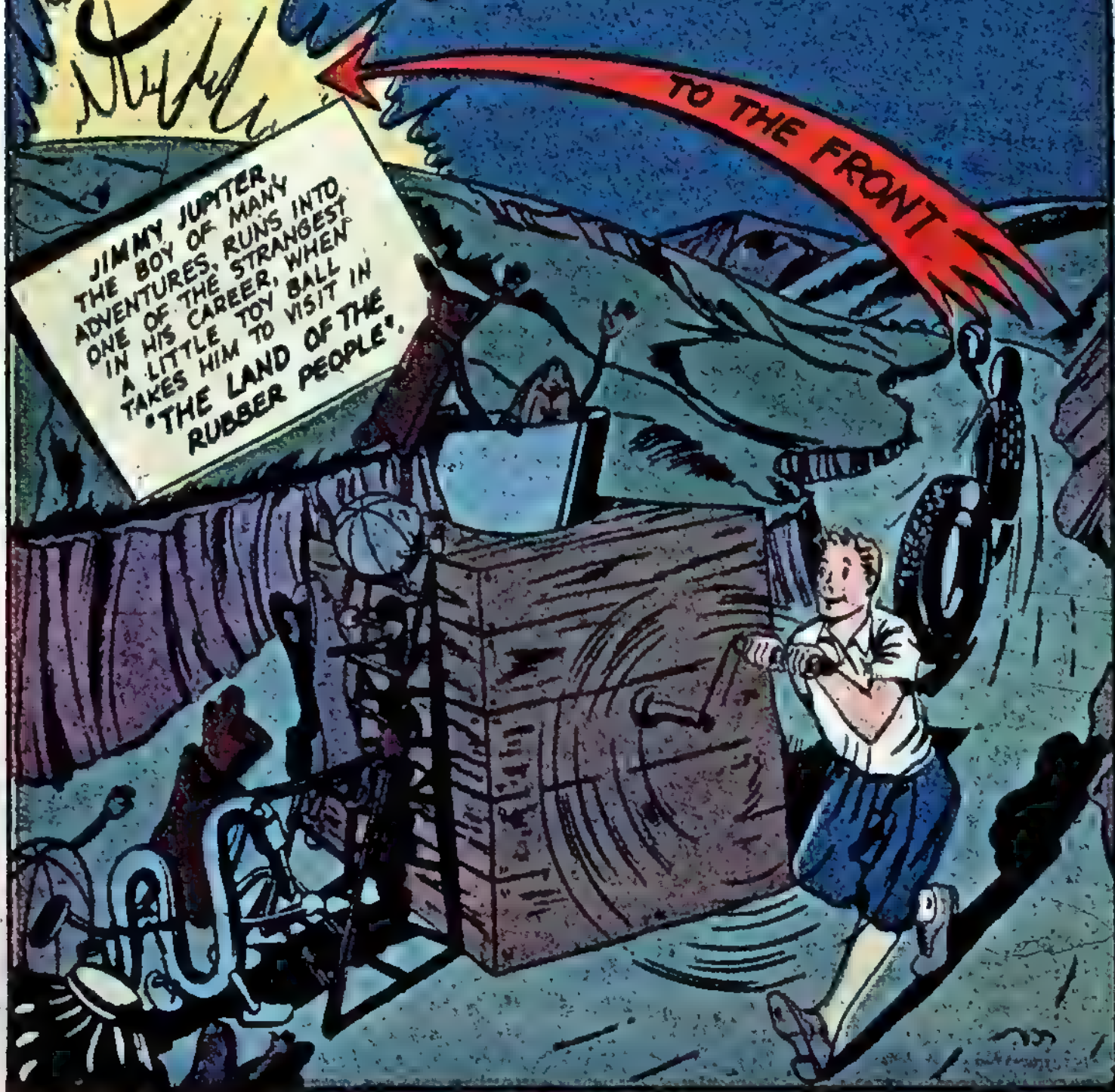
The End

by Hete

Jimmy Jupiter

JIMMY JUPITER,
THE BOY OF MANY
ADVENTURES, RUNS INTO
ONE OF THE STRANGEST
IN HIS CAREER, WHEN
A LITTLE TOY BALL IN
TAKES HIM TO VISIT
"THE LAND OF THE
RUBBER PEOPLE".

TO THE FRONT



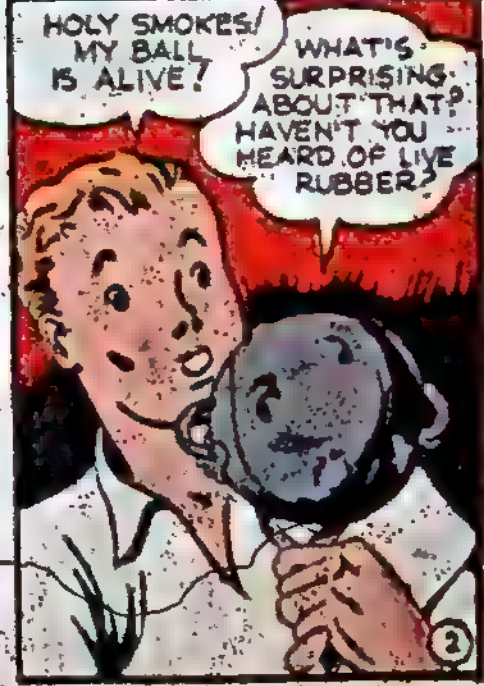
JIMMY JUPITER, HAVING NOTHING IMPORTANT TO DO, PLAYS BY HIMSELF.

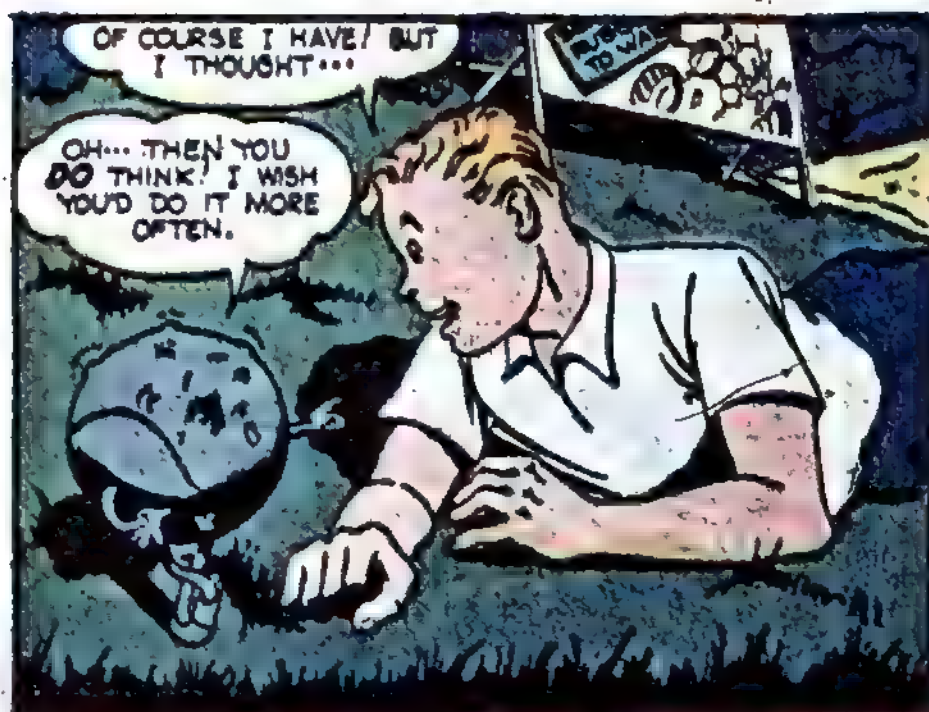


JIMMY SOON TIRES OF PLAYING ALONE—



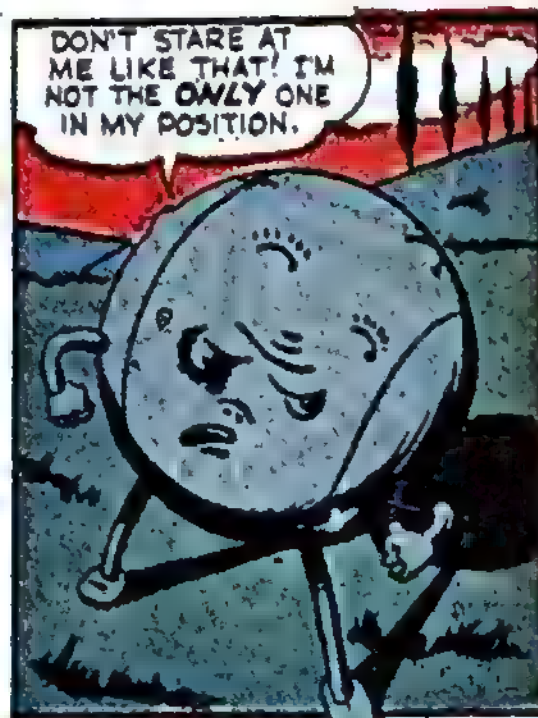
JIMMY NAPS... BUT IS AWAKENED BY A STRANGE SOUND.





OF COURSE I HAVE! BUT I THOUGHT...

OH... THEN YOU DO THINK! I WISH YOU'D DO IT MORE OFTEN.



DON'T STARE AT ME LIKE THAT! I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE IN MY POSITION.



WHAT POSITION?

I'LL SHOW YOU... OH, MY HEAD!



GOLLY! HOW DID YOU GET SO BANGED UP?

ARE YOU KIDDING? YOU'VE BEEN TOSSING ME UP AGAINST THAT SIGN FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR.



WE'LL SKIP THAT. SEE THAT SIGN?

JINGOES! IT'S MOVING!

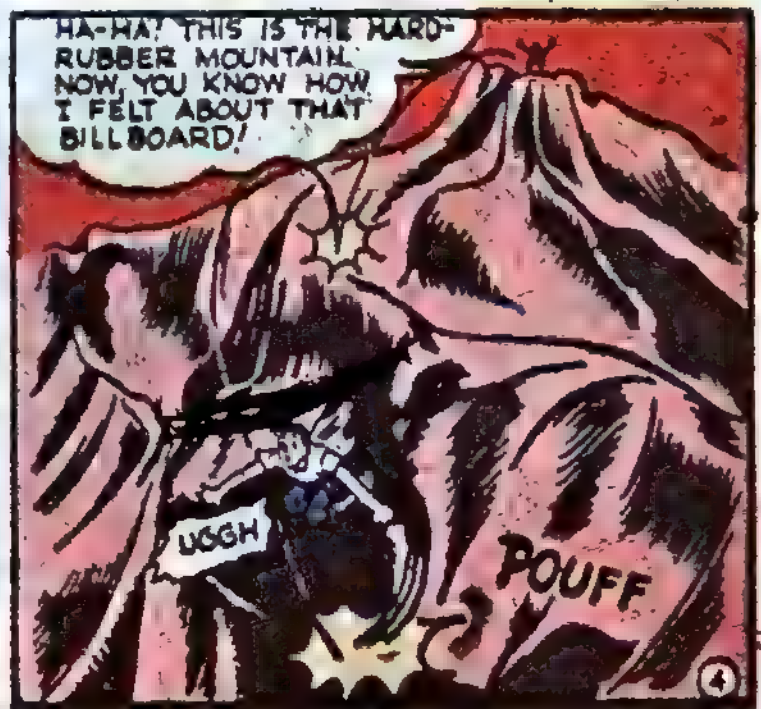
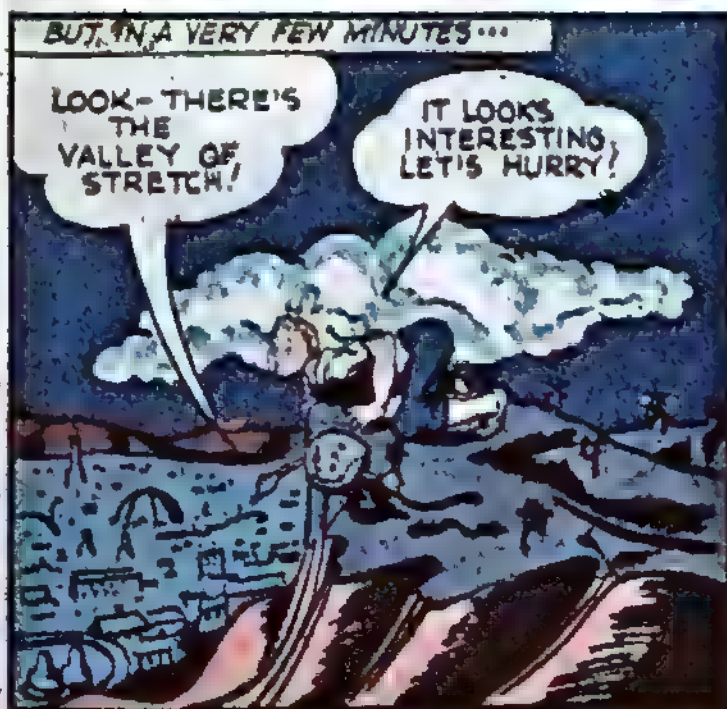
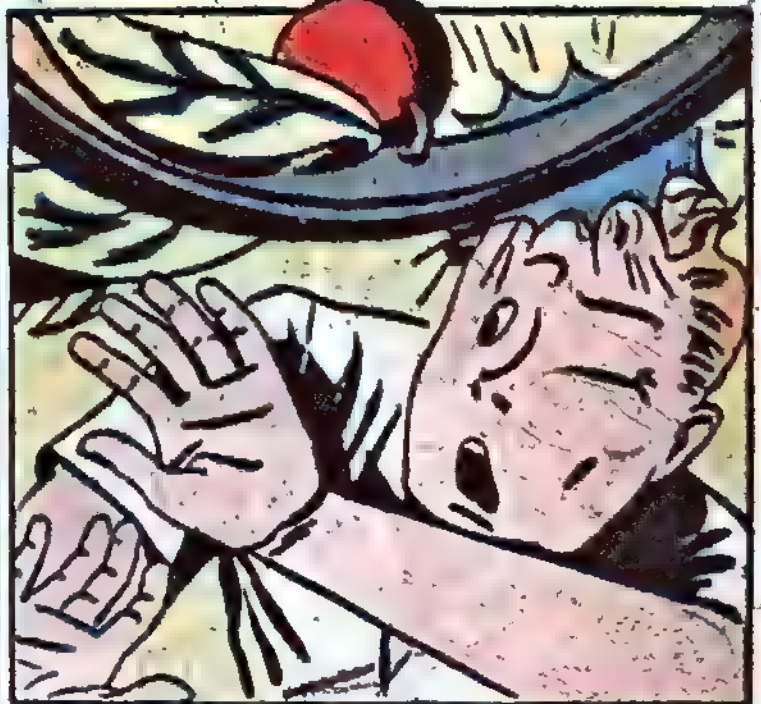


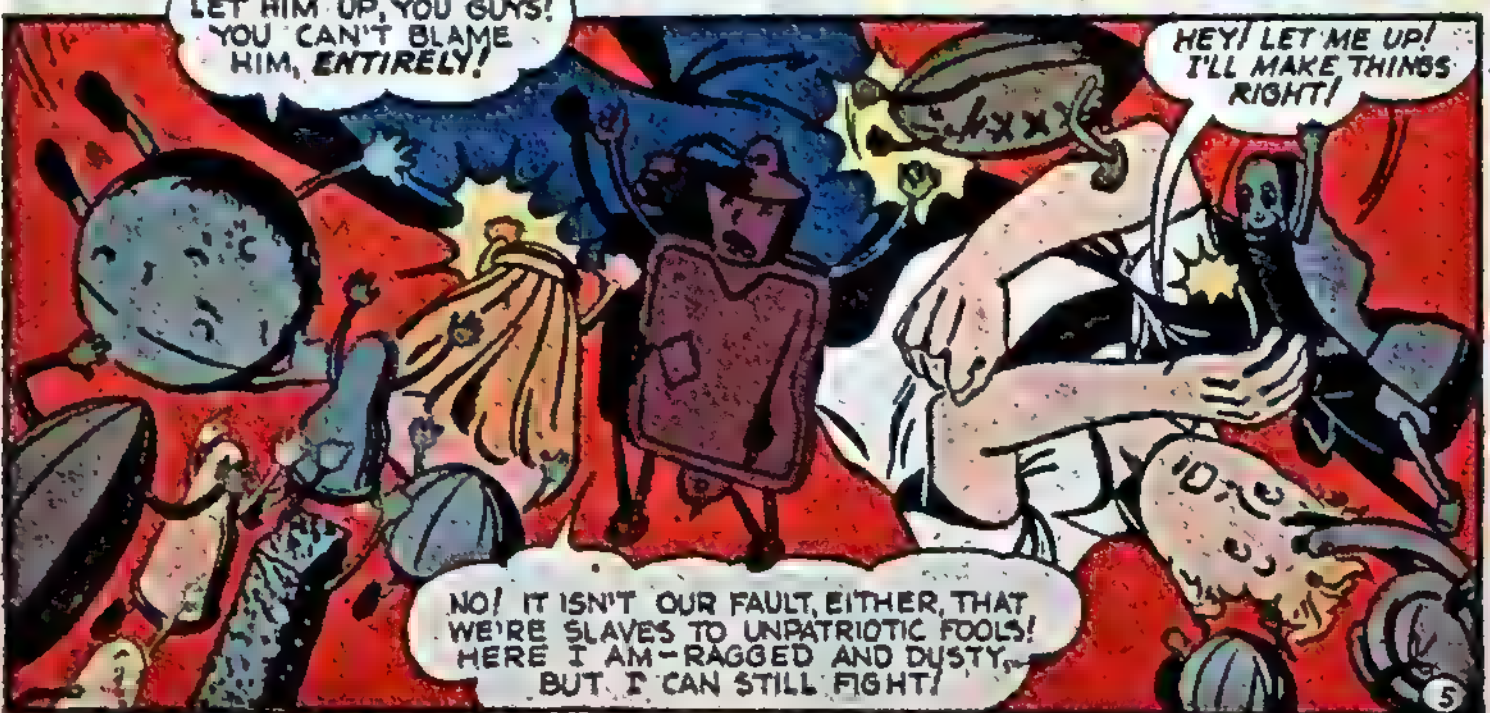
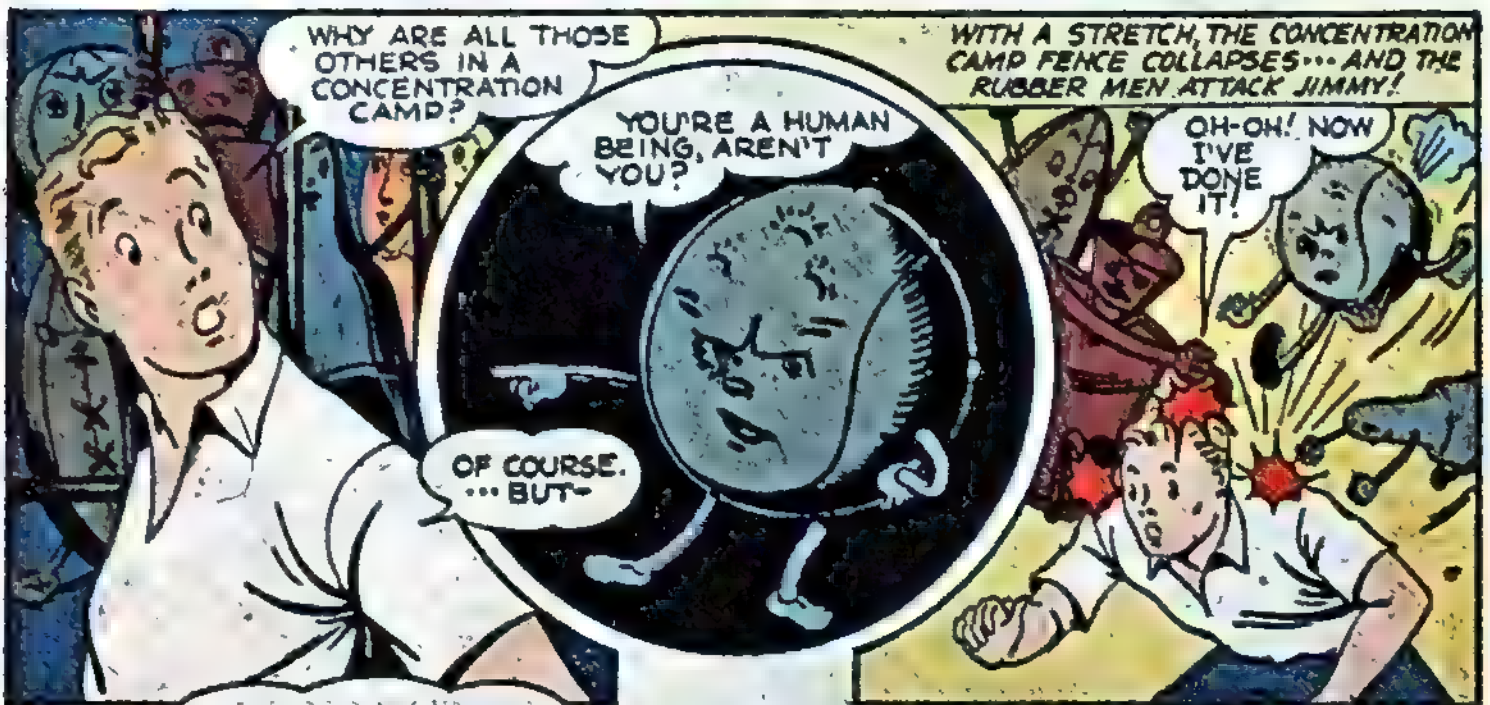
SURE IT'S MOVING! AND THEY'RE HAPPY BECAUSE THEY'RE GOING TO WAR.

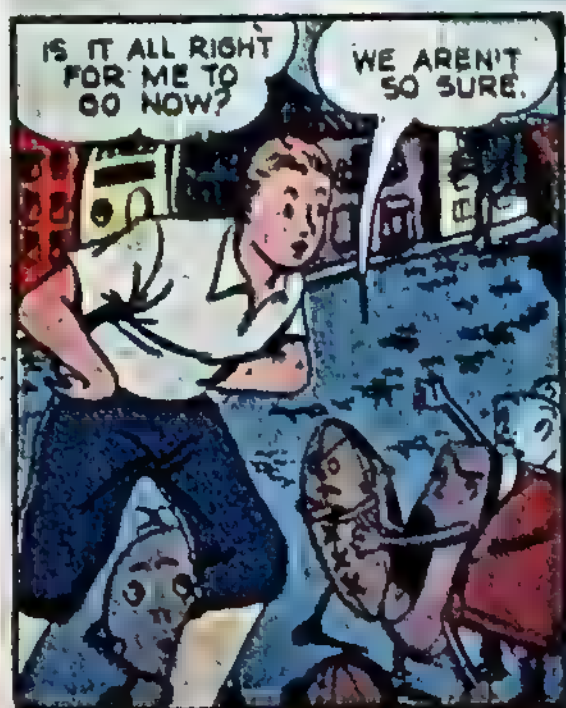
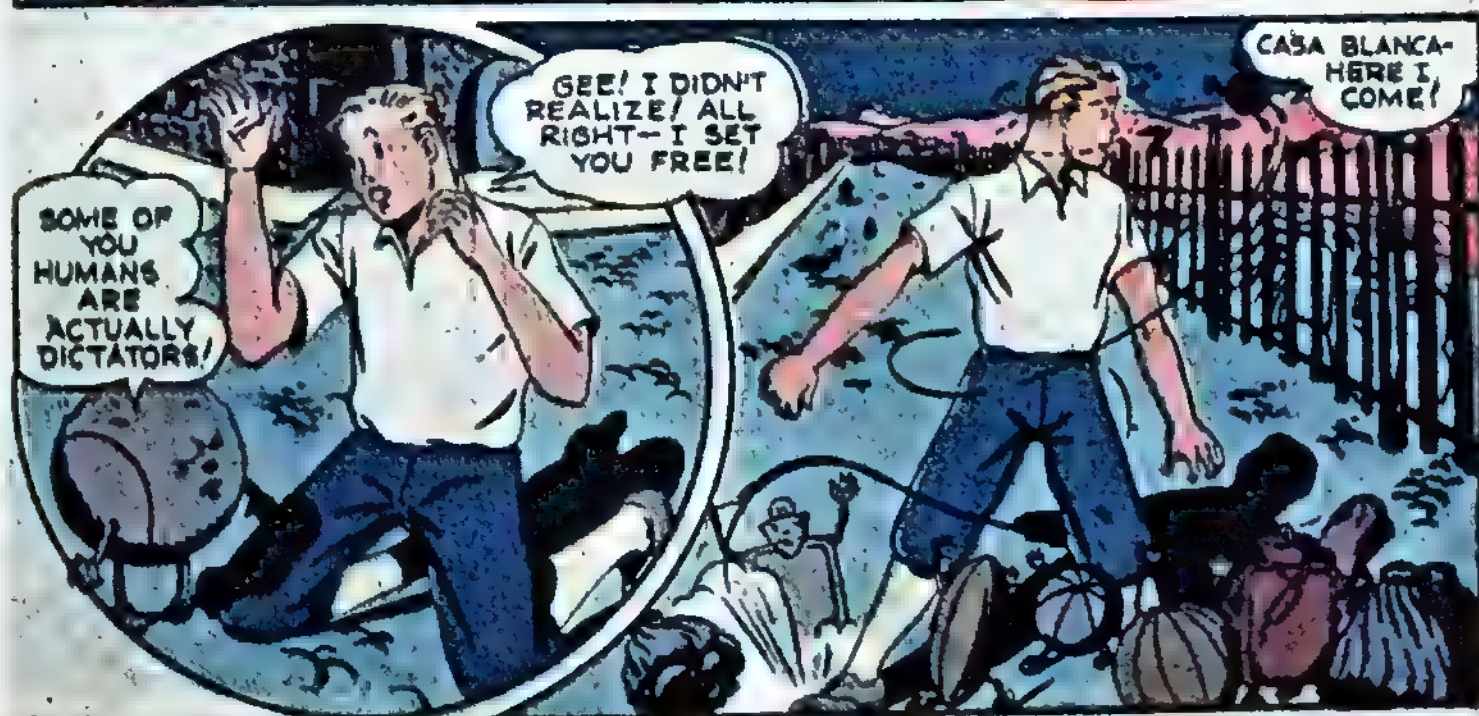
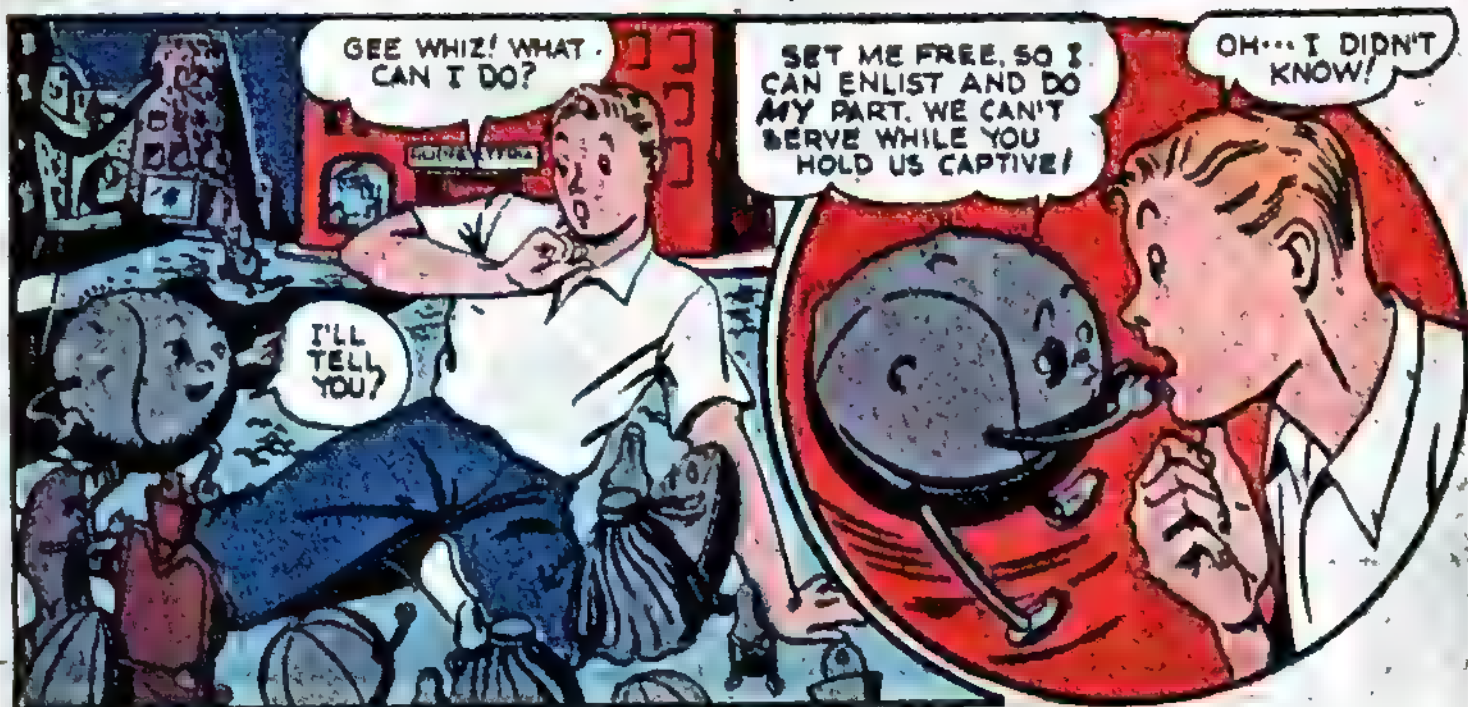


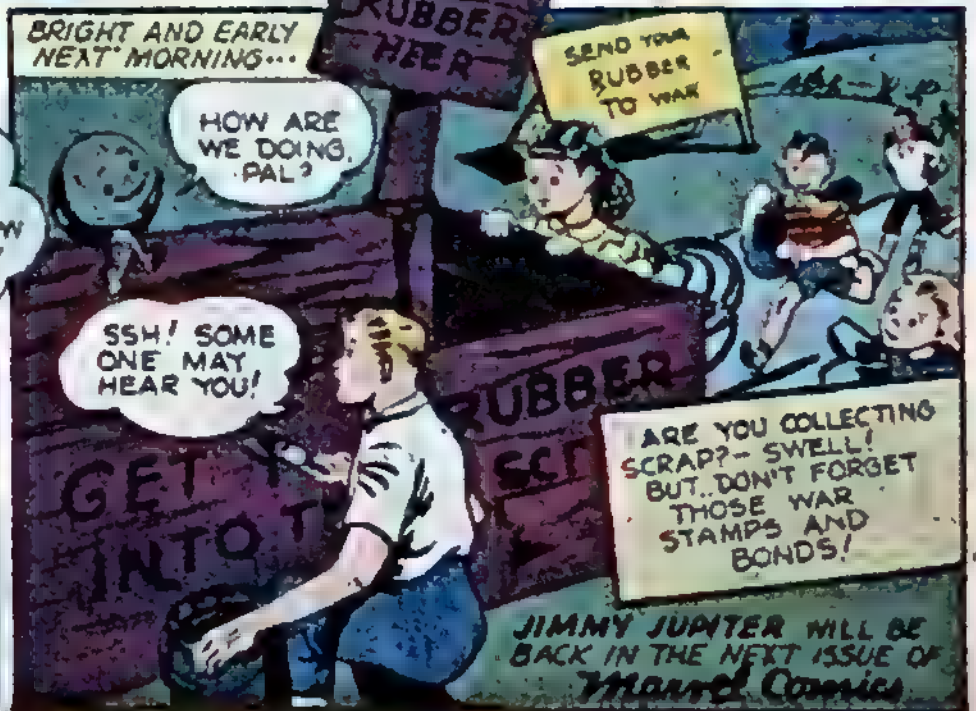
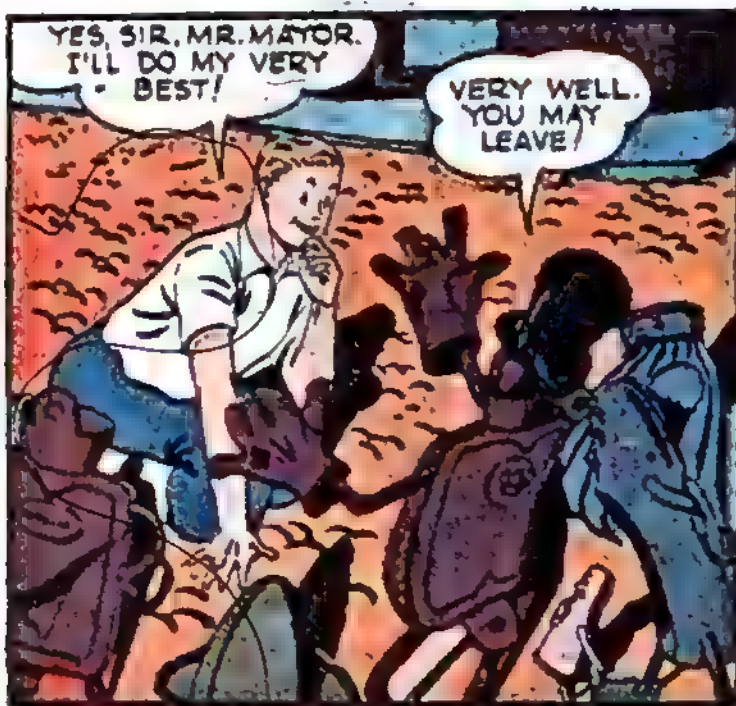
GOSH!... BUT I DON'T GET IT!

YOU WILL! - HOP IN HERE WITH ME, AND I'LL SHOW YOU!







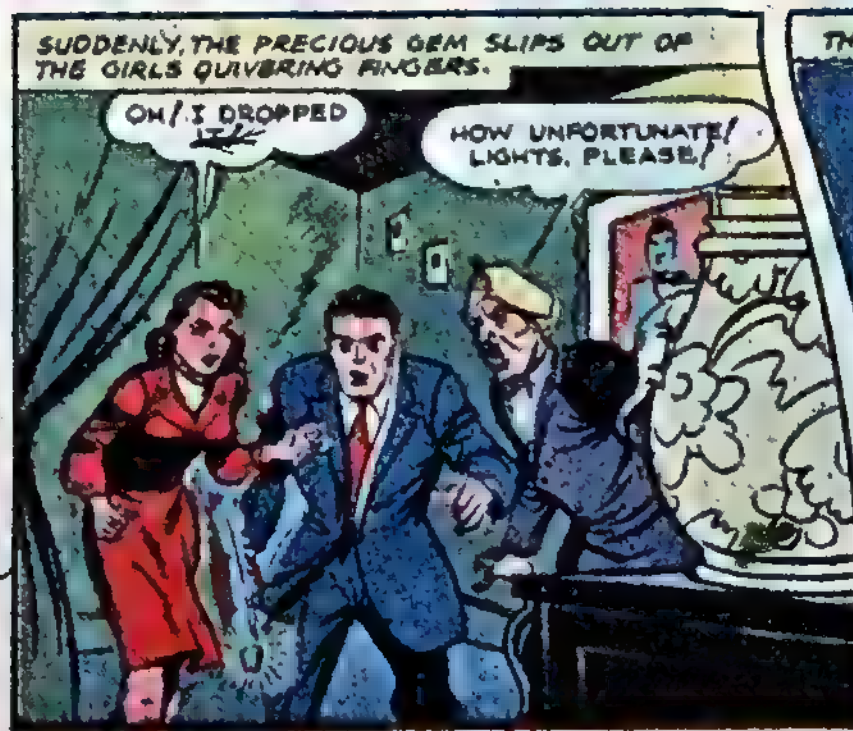
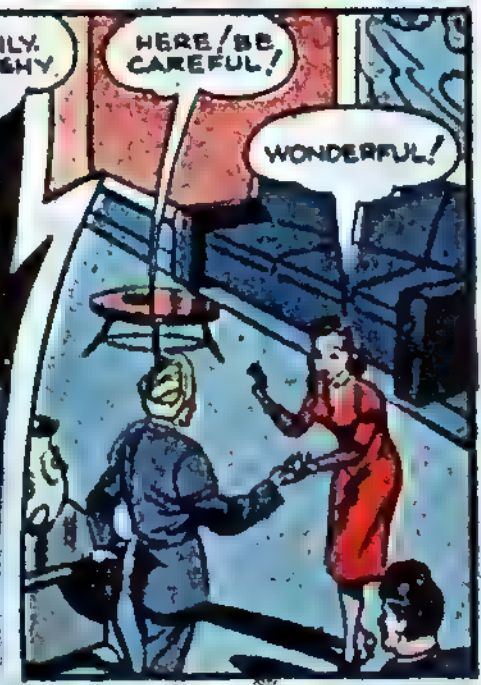
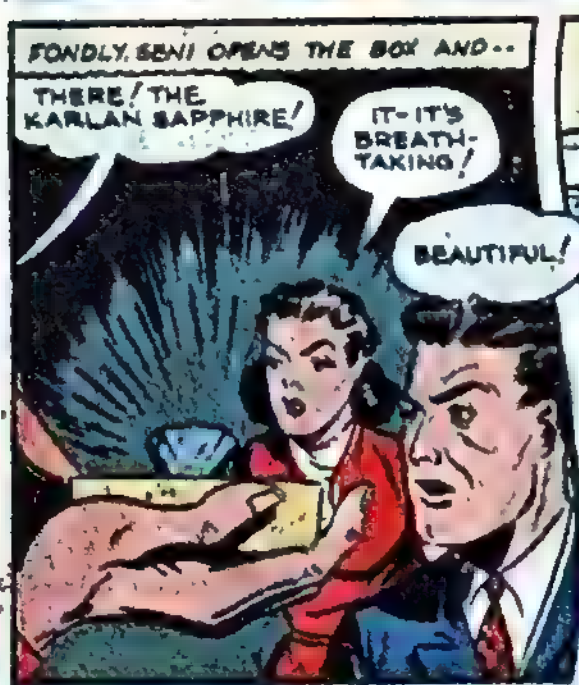
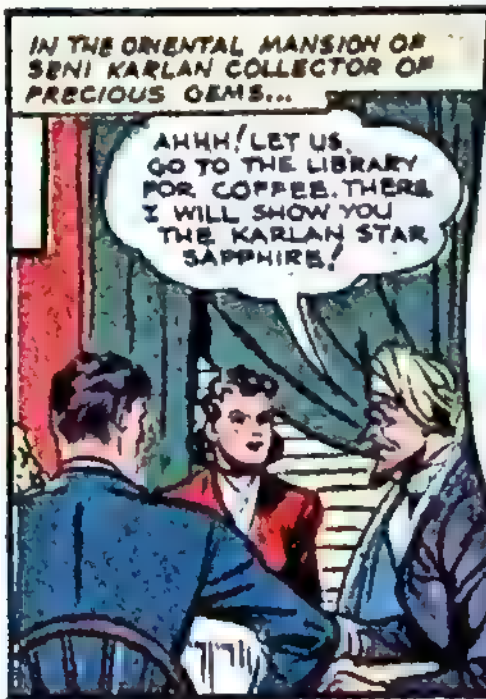


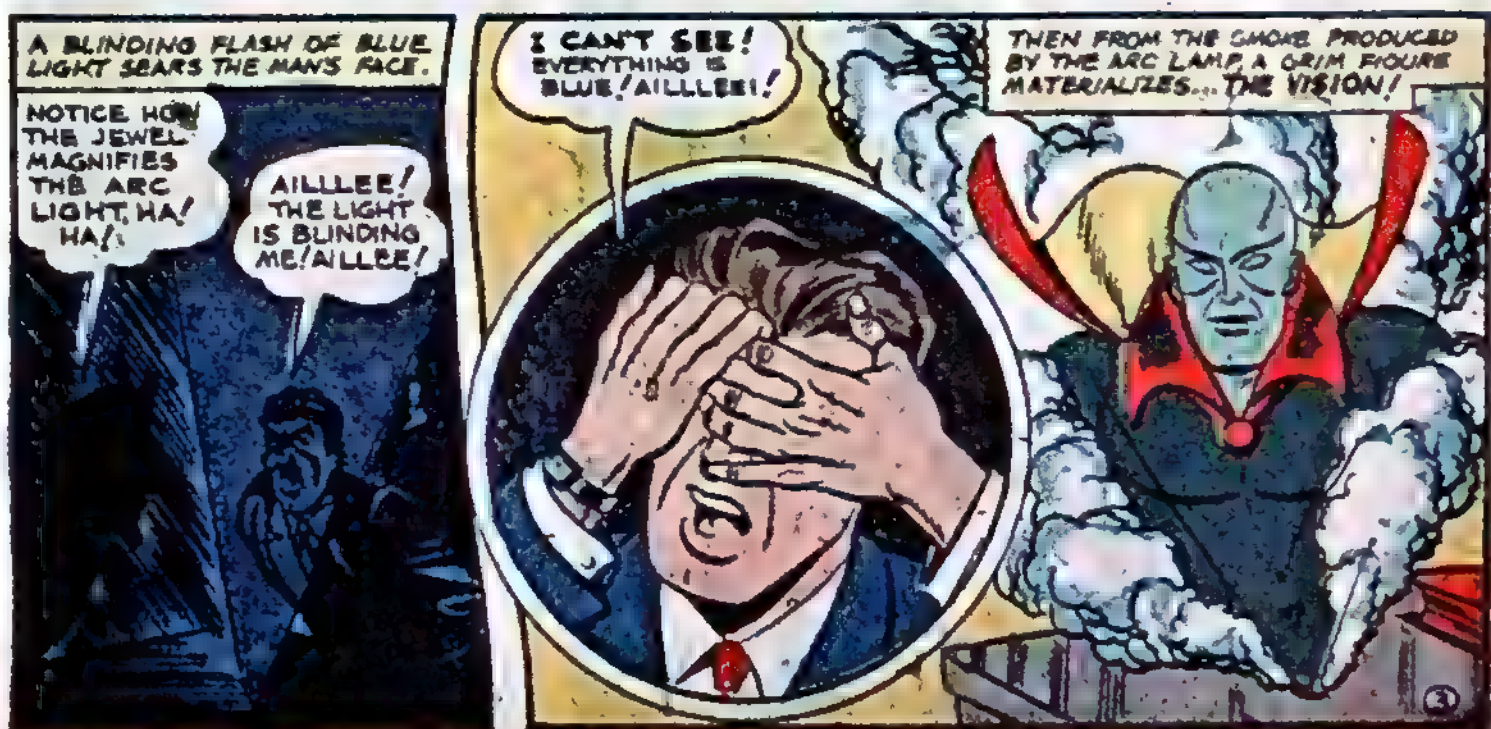
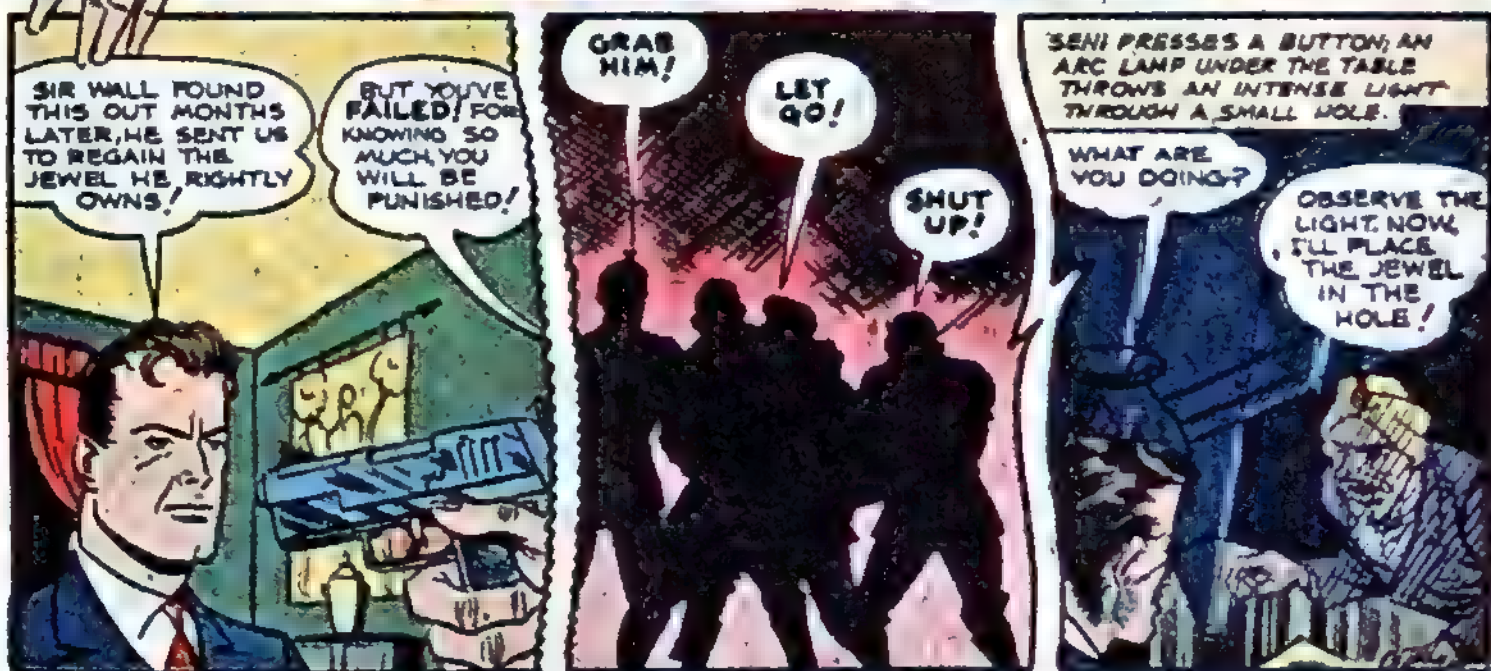
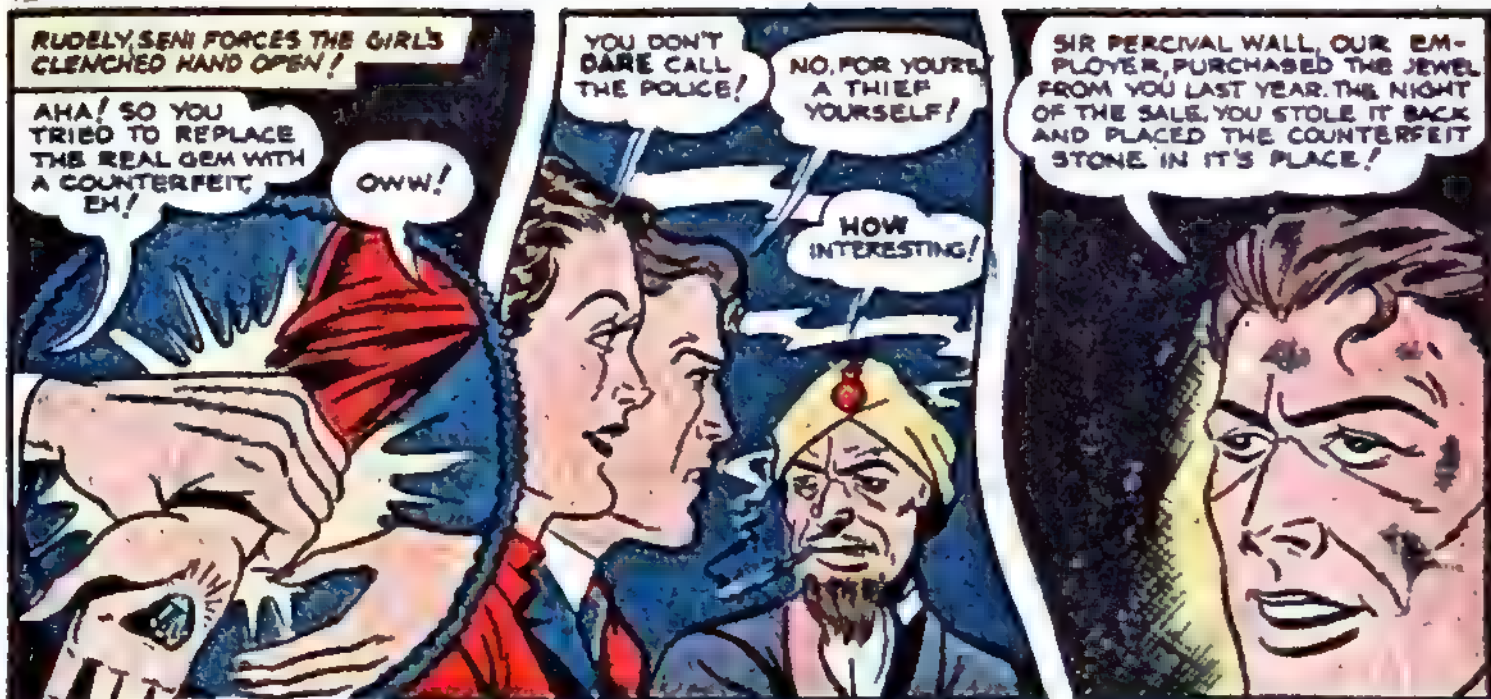
THE VISION

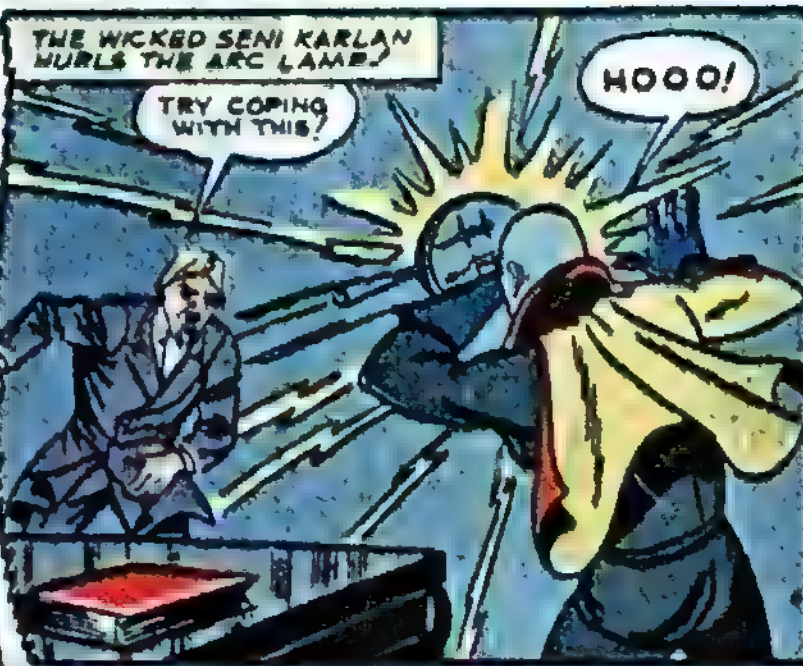
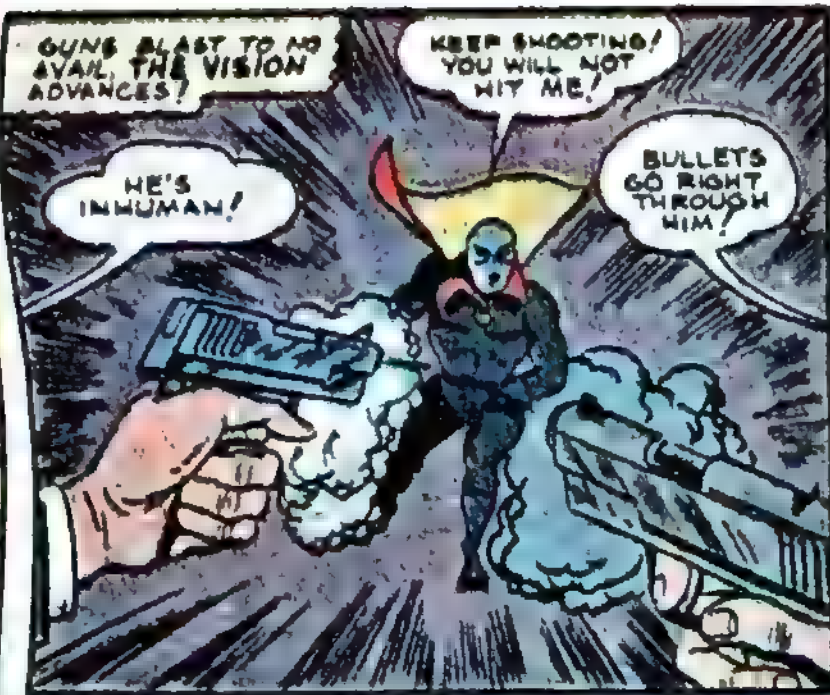
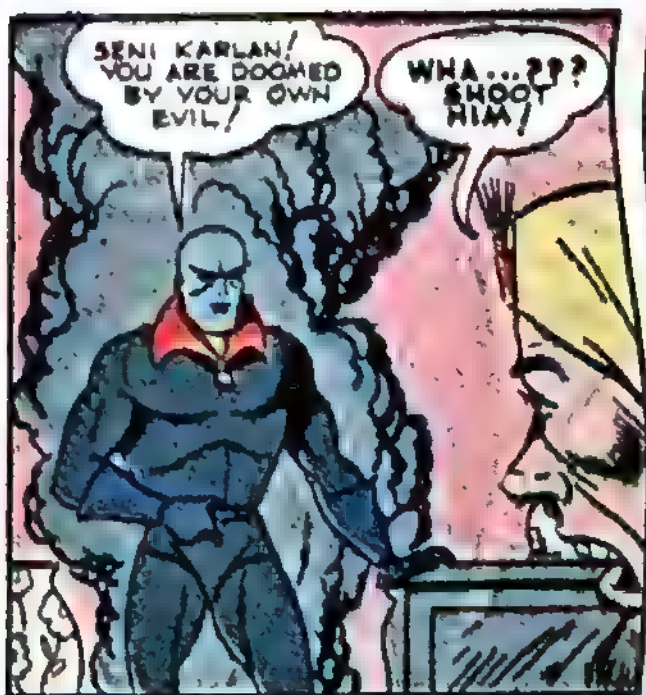
AN UNRELEASED
TERROR BRINGS THE
VISION INTO BATTLE WITH
SEMI KARLAN, WHO WOULD
STOP AT NOTHING TO FULFILL
HIS FIENDISH DESIRES!!
VISION FINDS THAT HE HAS
TWO BATTLES TO FIGHT, ONE
AGAINST KARLAN AND ONE
AGAINST....

The
**GEM THAT
BLINDED!**









THE WHITE HOT LAMP COMES CLOSE TO THE HORRIFIED GIRL'S FACE

WHEN I HAVE FINISHED, YOUR FACE WILL BE A CHARRED MASS OF FLESH!

AIIIEEE!!

BUT SENI KARLAN DOES NOT NOTICE THE SEARED CARPET. A WISP OF SMOKE CURLS UP AND...

PULLING OUT THIS FLUG IS HER ONLY CHANCE OF SALVATION!

THE LAMP GOES OUT.

WHO TURNED THE LAMP OFF?

I DID!

YOU! HOW???

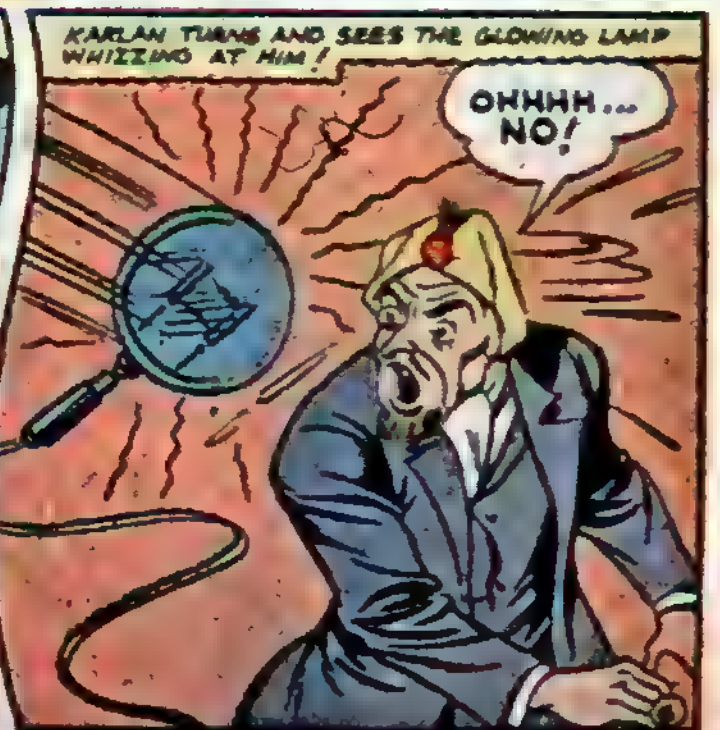
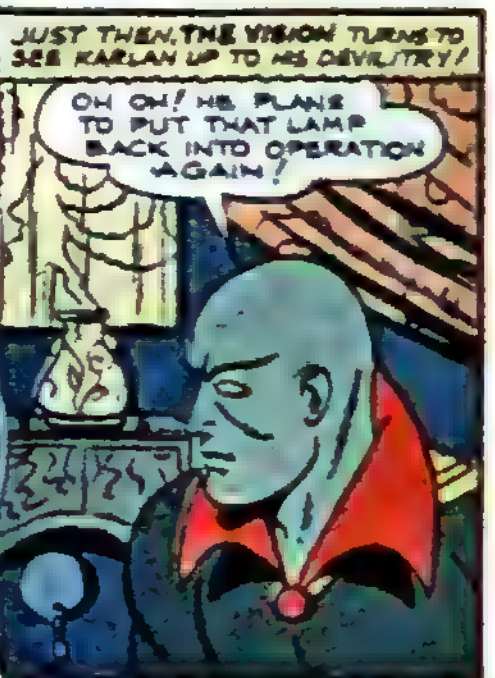
GET HIM!

WE'LL SEND YOU BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM!

YOU MAY TRY BUT YOU WILL NEVER SUCCEED!

THIS TIME I CANNOT LEAVE UNTIL YOUR WRONG IS MADE RIGHT!

OOF! STOP HIM!





THE LAMP HITS KARLAN FULL IN THE FACE!

AIEEEEE



KARLAN IS ELECTROCUTED THROUGH HIS OWN MISPLACED CUNNING!

OH! IT'S HORRIBLE!

HE DESERVED IT!



POOR FREDERICK! THEY'VE BLINDED HIM!

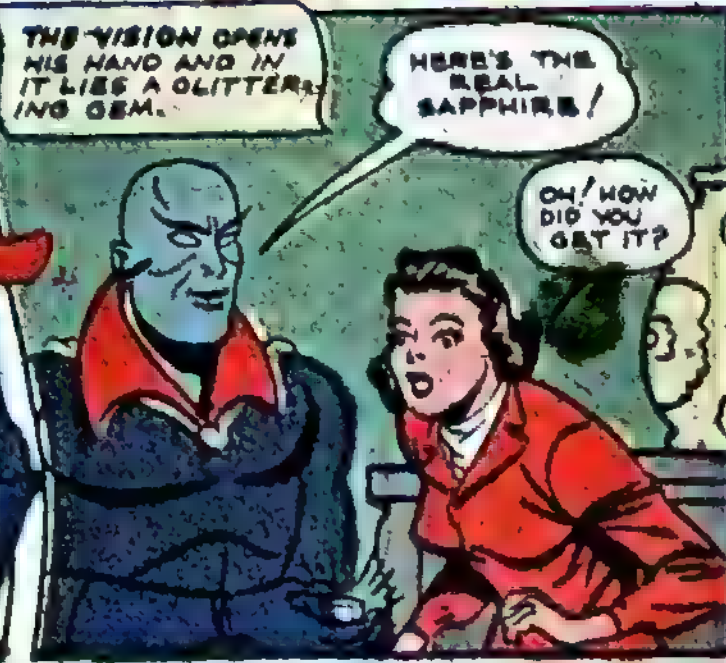
OH, I CAN'T SEE!

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IF HE'S TREATED WITH COLORED LIGHT RAYS TO NEUTRALIZE THAT BLUE LIGHT HE RECEIVED!



LOOK! THE HEAT OF THE LAMP HAS MELTED THE SAPPHIRE, NOW THE JEWEL IS LOST!

I DON'T THINK SO!



THE VISION OPENS HIS HAND AND IN IT LIES A GLITTERING GEM.

HERE'S THE REAL SAPPHIRE!

OH! HOW DID YOU GET IT?



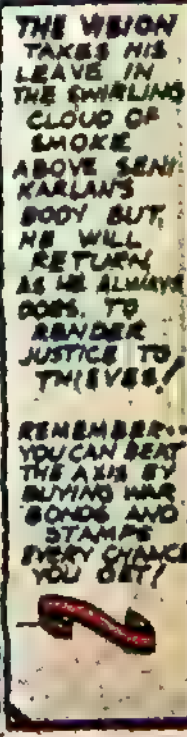
SIMPLE! IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT KARLAN LEFT THE REAL ONE ON THE TABLE! I PICKED IT UP!

SPLENDID!



B-BUT WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?

WHEN THE POLICE COME, JUST TELL THEM THE VISION WAS HERE. THEY'LL KNOW AND UNDERSTAND. ADIEU!



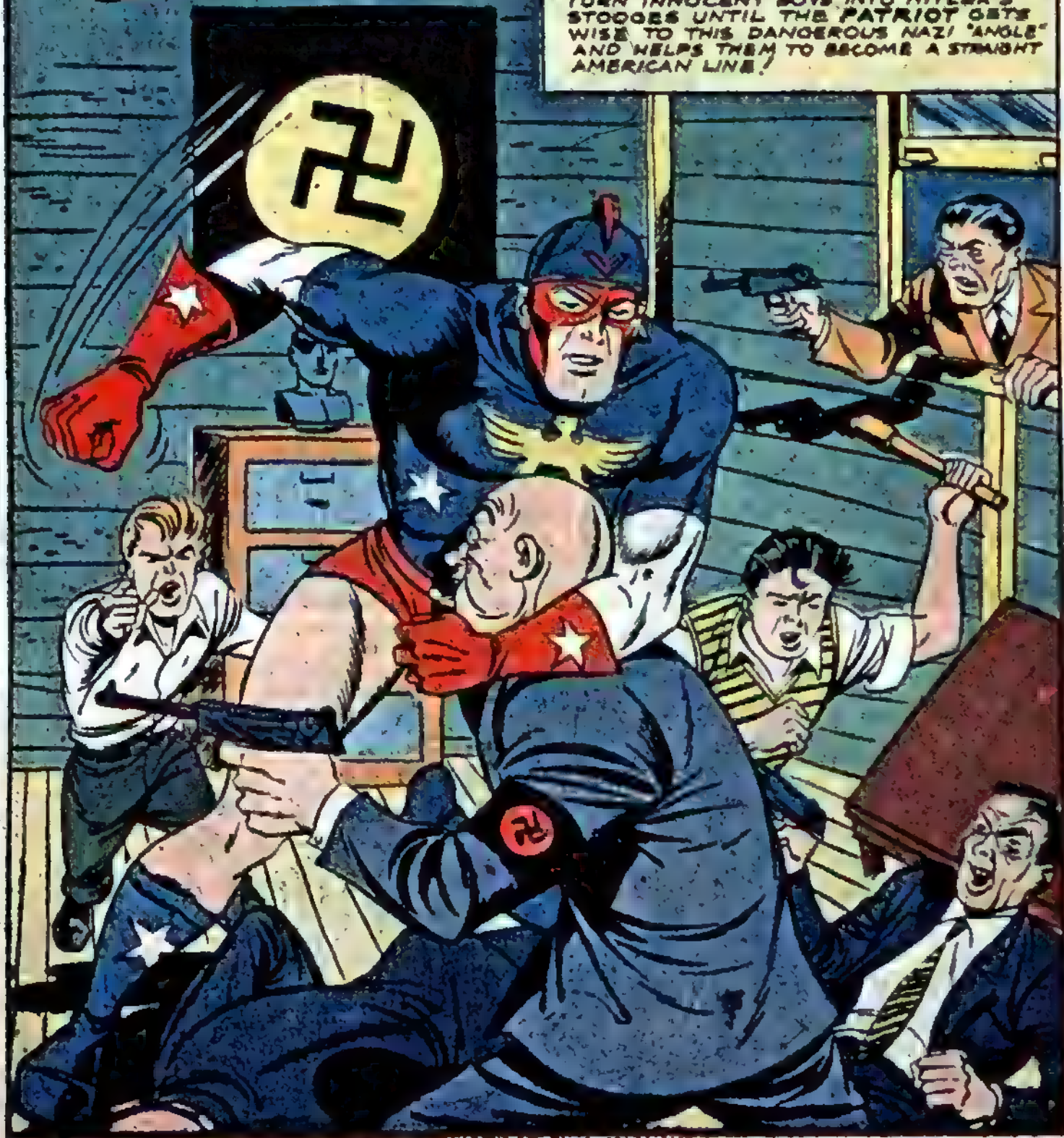
THE VISION TAKES HIS LEAVE IN THE SWIRLING CLOUD OF SMOKE ABOVE SENI KARLAN'S BODY BUT HE WILL RETURN AS HE ALWAYS DOES, TO RENDER JUSTICE TO THIEVES!

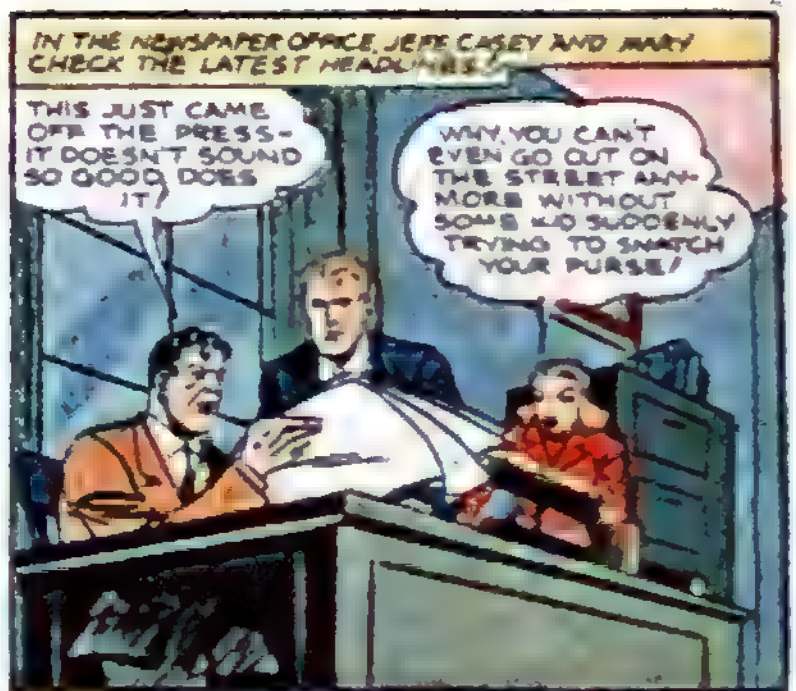
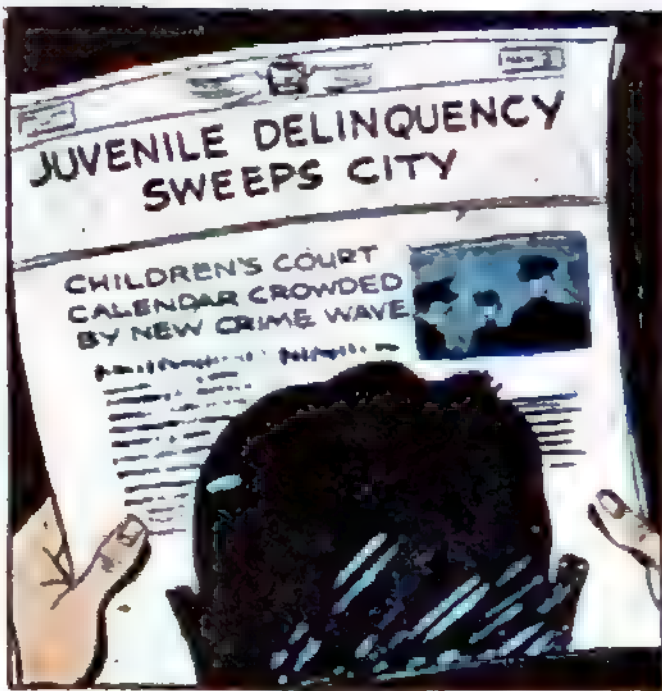
REMEMBER-- YOU CAN BEAT THE AXES BY BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS EVERY CHANCE YOU GET!

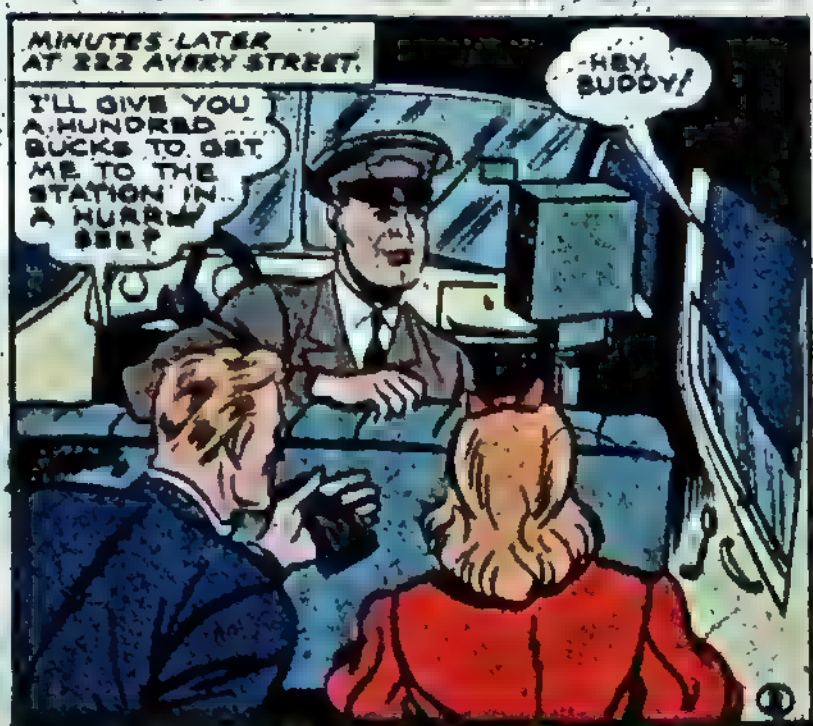
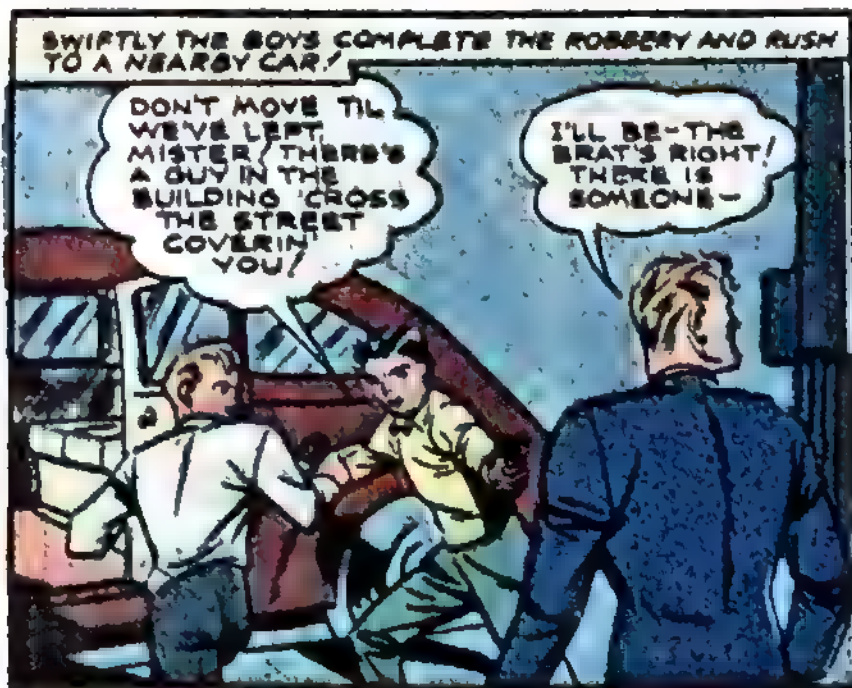


THE PATRIOT

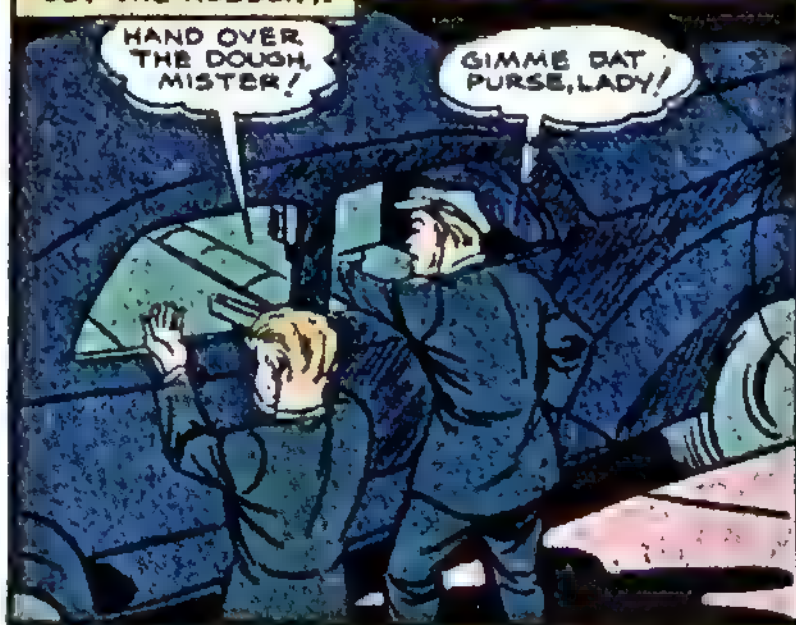
VON GURK AND HIS SWASTIKA SALUTERS
TURN INNOCENT BOYS INTO HITLER'S
STOOGES UNTIL THE PATRIOT GETS
WISE TO THIS DANGEROUS NAZI "ANGLE"
AND HELPS THEM TO BECOME A STRAIGHT
AMERICAN LINE!



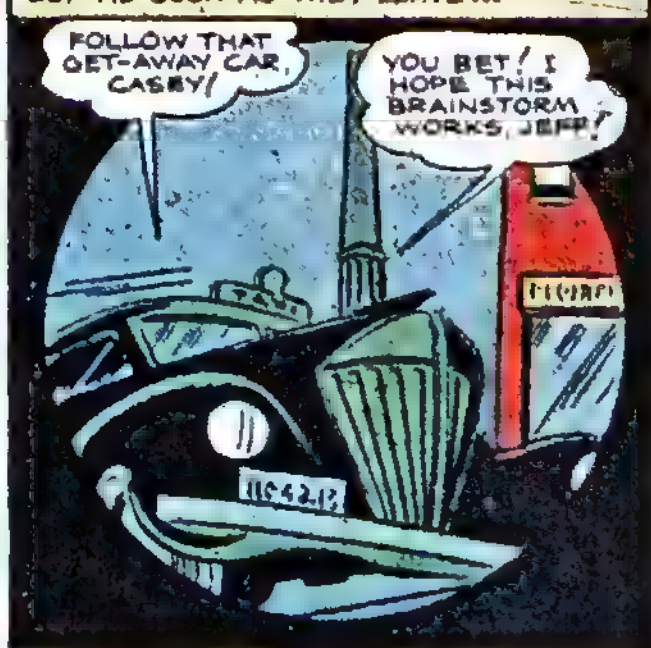




WITH AMAZING DARING THE KID THUGS CARRY OUT THE ROBBERY!



BUT AS SOON AS THEY LEAVE...



HALF AN HOUR LATER THE YOUTHFUL HOLDUP MEN TURN THE NAUL OVER TO VON OUKK! BUT---



FOOLS! THIS MEANS YOU HAVE PUT SOME-ONE ON YOUR TRAIL! NOW VE MUST GET OUDT!



AS THEY TURN TO LEAVE, THE TERRIFIC TRIO ENTERS!



DOING A SWIFT ABOUT-FACE, JEFF DOOGES BEHIND THE DOOR.

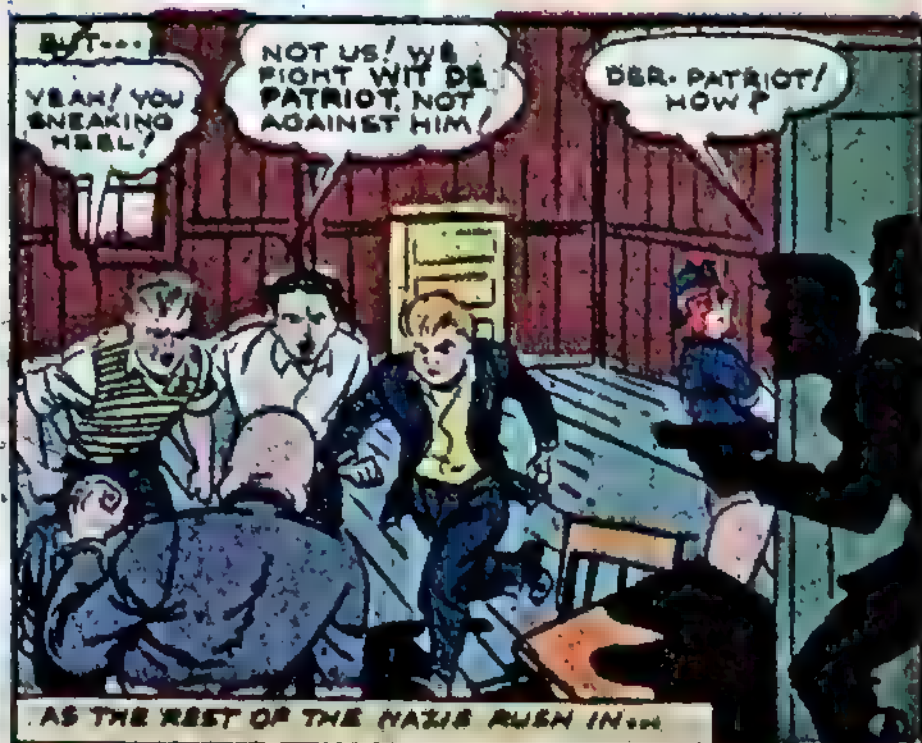
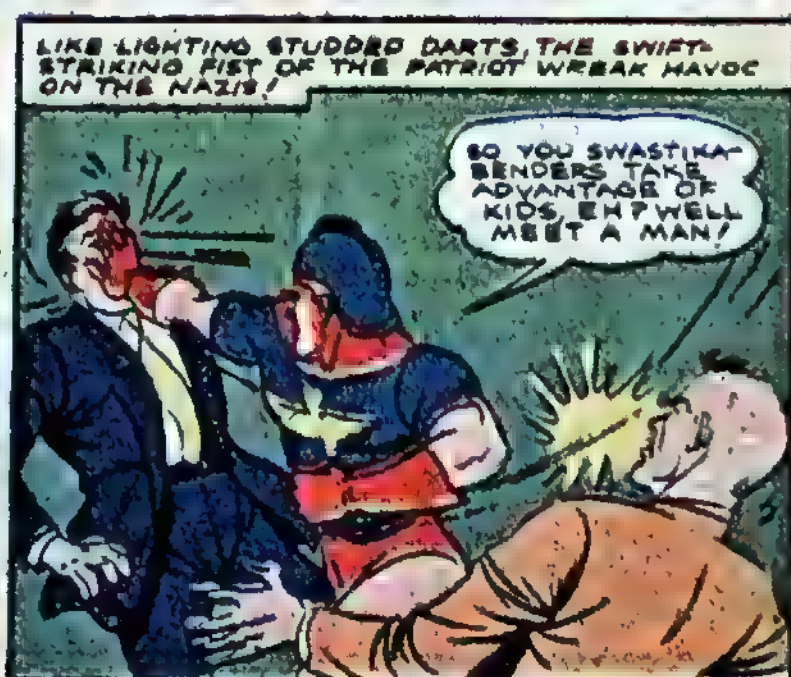
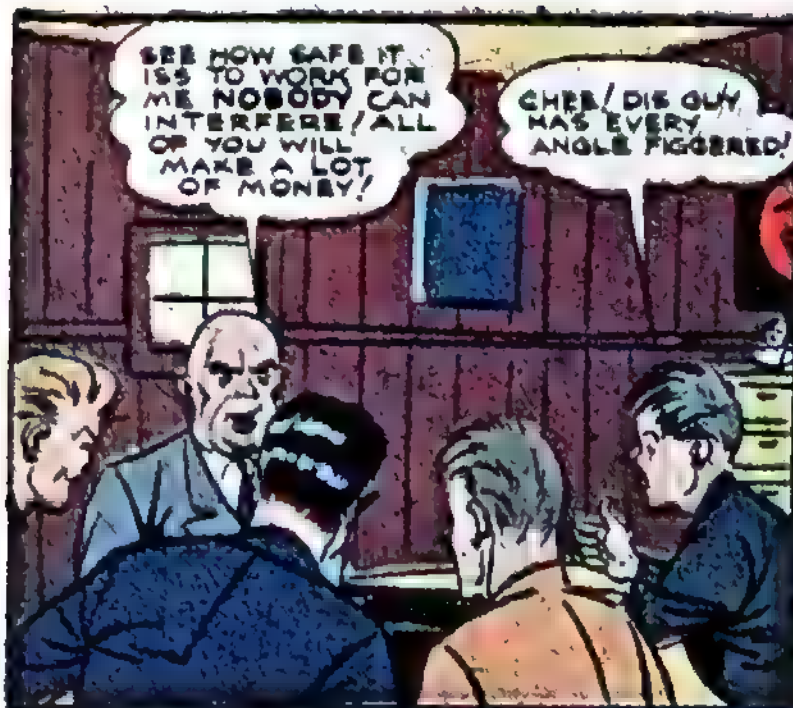


THEY'VE GRABBED MARY AND CASEY! WELL THIS IS ONE TIME THE PATRIOT LISTENS BEFORE HE LEAPS!



PEERING THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR, JEFF SEES...





THE TOUGH AMERICAN KIDS SLAMBAO INTO THE NAZIS



NICE WORK, KIDS!

YER NOSE MAKES A SWELL PUNCHING BAG, HITLER!

ACH!

THE BATTLE ENDS AND...

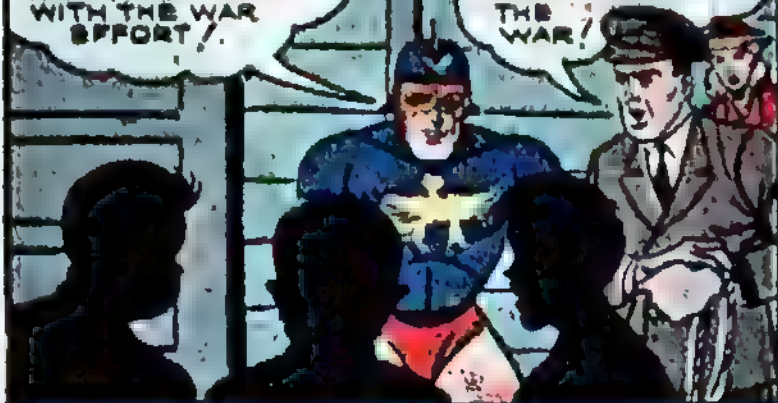
BOYS, YOU WERE GREAT! VON GUKK AND HIS HENCHMEN WERE WORKING A SUBTLE NAZI PROPAGANDA TRICK THROUGH YOU—!



BY TURNING THE ATTENTION OF AMERICANS TO PROBLEMS SUCH AS A KID CRIME WAVE, THEY INTERFERED WITH THE WAR EFFORT!

THAT'S RIGHT, KIDS! PEOPLE WOULD BE MORE WORRIED ABOUT CLEANING UP TROUBLE CLOSE TO HOME THEN ABOUT WINNING THE WAR!

REMEMBER! YOU AND EVERY OTHER AMERICAN BOY AND GIRL MUST CONSTANTLY BE ON GUARD AGAINST SUCH NAZI PLOTS! S'LONG NOW!



THE PATRIOT LEAVES, BUT SOON AFTER, HE RETURNS AS JEFF MACE REPORTER!

I JUST PHONED THE STORY INTO THE PAPER. IT'S A SCOOP! NAZIS' BEHIND KID CRIME WAVE! WOW!

YEAH, BUT WHERE WERE YOU?

MEET WAS LOOKING FOR A COP!

WELL, UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, YOU WON'T NEED COPS! NOT FOR THESE KIDS ANYWAY!

OFF TO JAIL, YOU GO—YOU NAZI MUGS!



I THINK IT'S A PRETTY SAFE BET THAT WHAT STOLEN MONEY CAN'T BE RETURNED WILL BE INVESTED IN WAR BONDS AND STAMPS BY ALL THE KIDS!



The ANGEL

WHEN A HAM ACTOR
LOOKS LIKE BORIS KARLOFF
AND THINKS HE'S FUNNY...
WATCH OUT! MURDER IS
ON THE PROGRAM, AS
THE ANGEL DISCOVERS
WHEN HE TACKLES
THE CASE
OF THE
LAUGHING
DEATH!

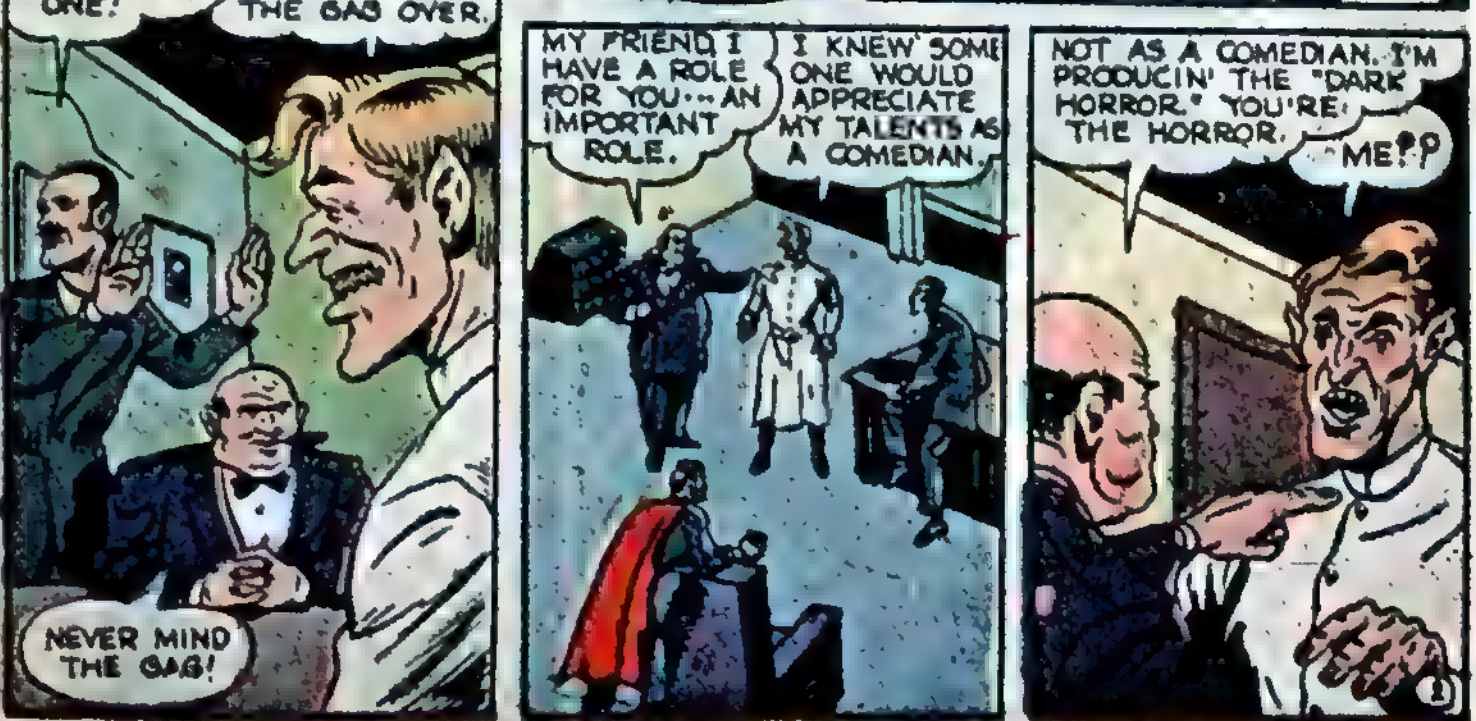
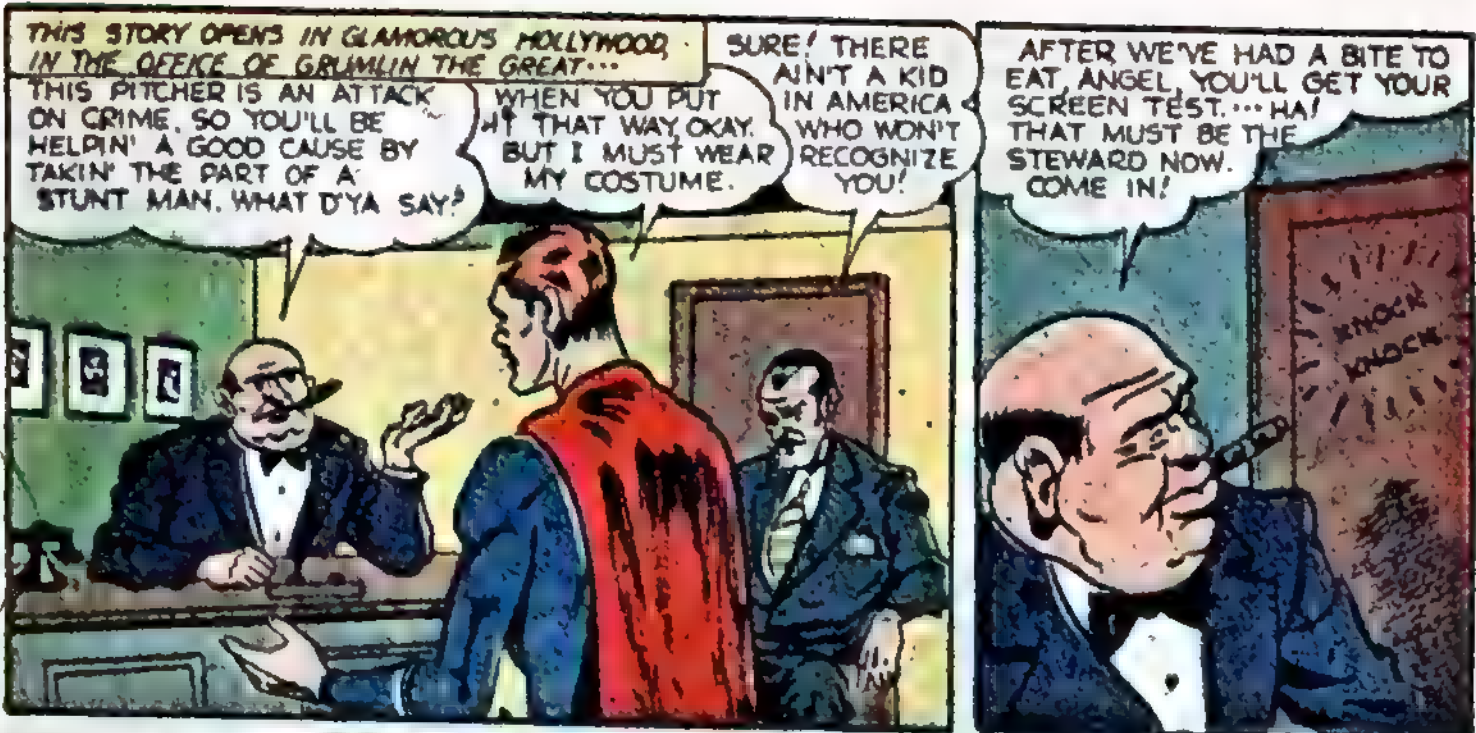
I'M THE ANGEL!
I MAY NOT LOOK
LIKE A MOVIE
STAR, BUT
WHEN IT
COMES TO
CATCHING
A KILLER...
WELL...

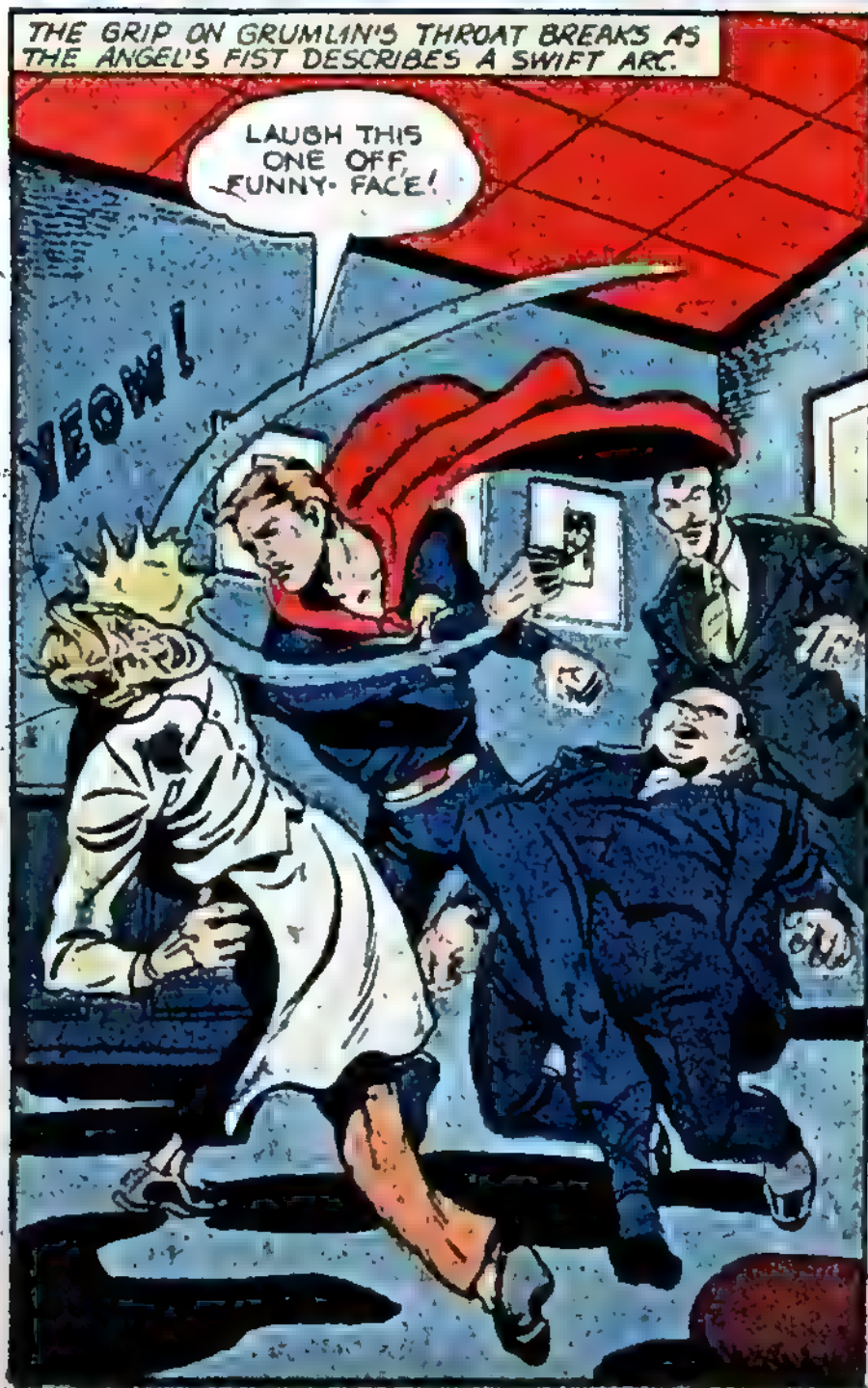
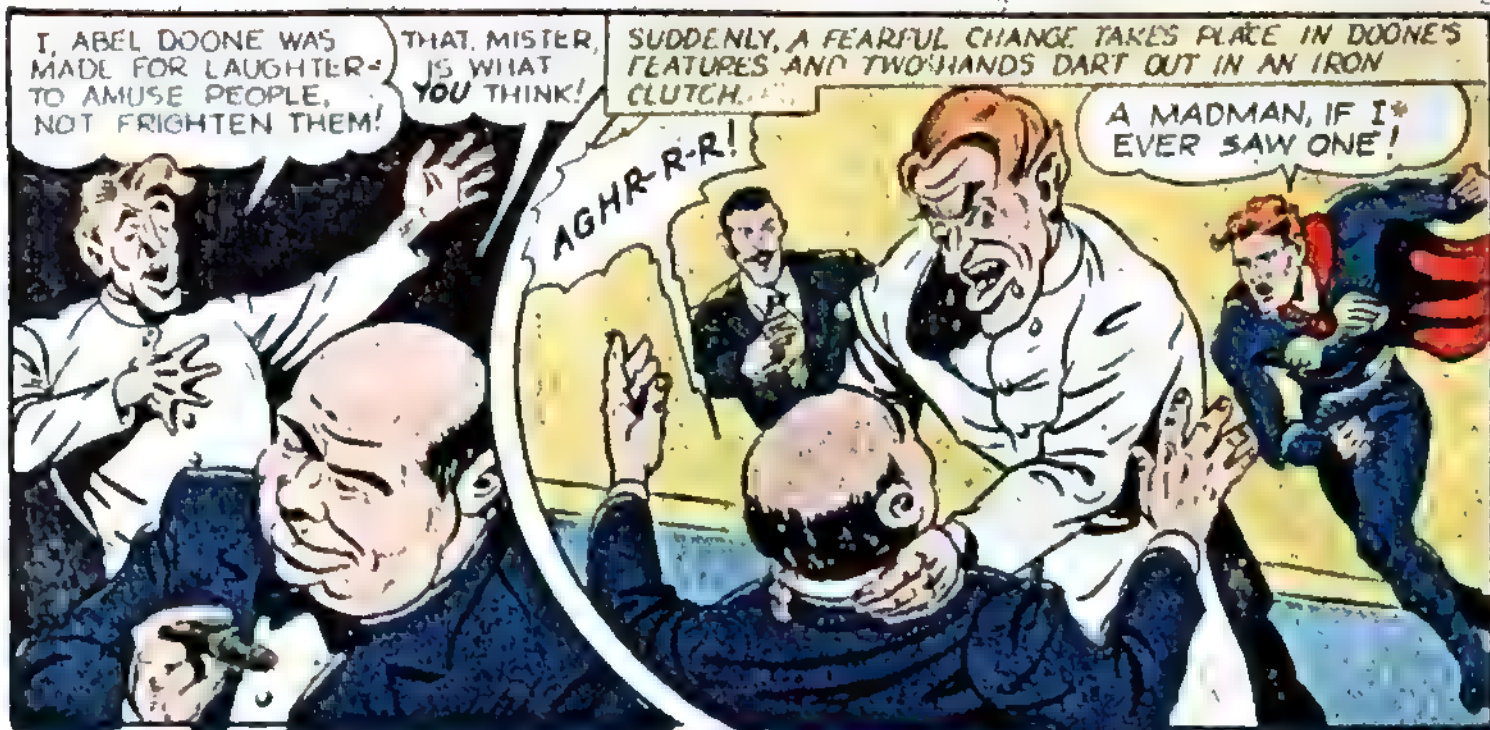
I'M GRUMLIN.
THE GRUMLIN!
I MAKE MOVIES.
STUPENDOUS!
COLOSSAL!
I DISCOVERED
DOONE... MY
FIRST
MISTAKE
AND MY LAST!

I'VE DIRECTED
SOME
THRILLERS
IN MY TIME,
BUT FOR SHEER
HORROR
THIS
TAKES THE
OSCAR!

I'M STANDISH,
THE MOVIE
VILLAIN.
ME SCARE
PEOPLE?
WAIT TILL
YOU SEE
HIM!

WHY AM I
FUNNY?
WHY DO I
MAKE 'EM
LAUGHING?



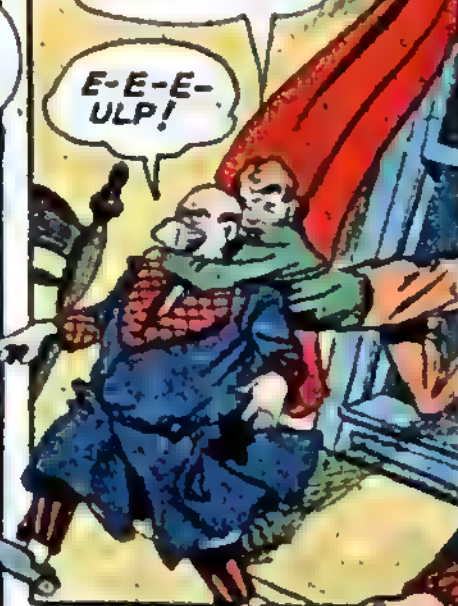


THAT NIGHT, MOONLIGHT REVEALS AN EERIE SCENE IN EXCLUSIVE BEVERLY HIL'S...



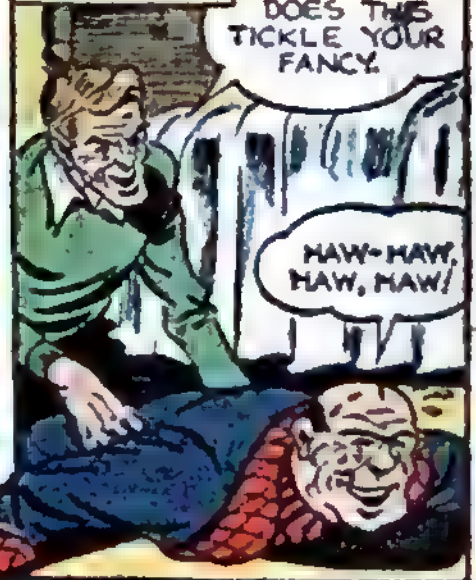
NOW, TO VISIT THE GREAT GRUMLIN! HEH-HEH!

HOW DO YOU LIKE MY ENTRANCE? FUNNY, EH?



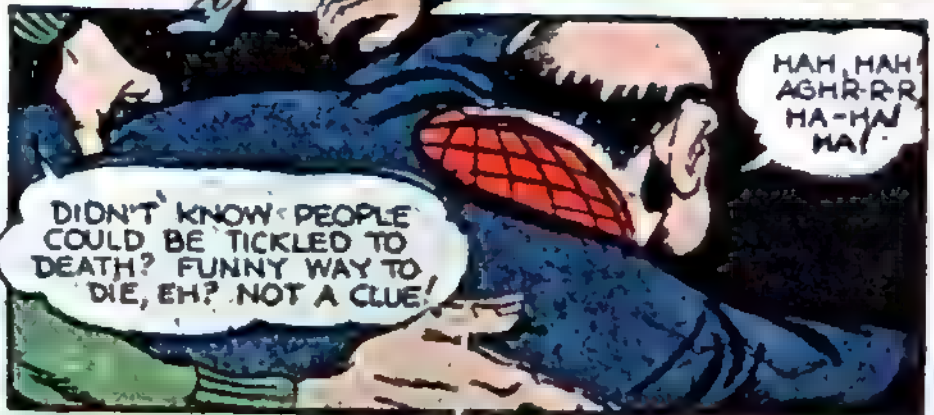
E-E-E-ULP!

DOONE'S FINGERS DIG INTO GRUMLIN'S RIBS, AND THE PRODUCER ROARS WITH LAUGHTER.



DOES THIS TICKLE YOUR FANCY?

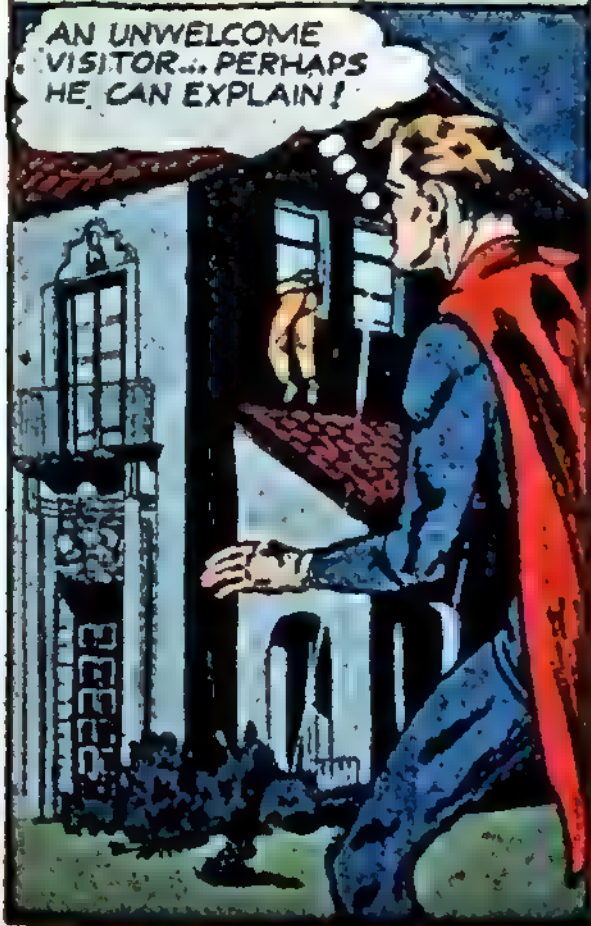
HAW-HAW, HAW, HAW!



HAW, HAW, AGH-R-R, HA-HA, HA!

DIDN'T KNOW PEOPLE COULD BE TICKLED TO DEATH? FUNNY WAY TO DIE, EH? NOT A CLUE!

THE ANGEL IS ATTRACTED BY GRUMLIN'S HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER...



AN UNWELCOME VISITOR... PERHAPS HE CAN EXPLAIN!

... THE ANGEL FLINGS HIMSELF AT DOONE.



EEEE!

THE TWO MEN GRAPPLE. SUDDENLY, A FINGER JABS INTO THE ANGEL'S SPINE.

TEMPORARILY PARALYZED, THE ANGEL DROPS.

BUT BEFORE DOONE CAN STRIKE AGAIN, A SHOT RINGS OUT.

YOU'RE A TOUGH BUT... YEOW!

NOW YOU'RE HELPLESS AS A RABBIT HYDNOTIZED BY A SNAKE. I'LL...

STANDISH! I'LL HAVE TO BEAT IT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I- I COULDN'T MOVE! WHERE'S DOONE?

HE GOT AWAY! SUPPOSE WE GO UP AND HAVE A LOOK AT GRUMLIN...

DEAD! THAT LOOK ON HIS FACE... AS IF HE WERE STILL LAUGHING!

AND NOT A MARK ON HIM! I'D BETTER CALL A DOCTOR!

MEANWHILE...

YOU SAY HE WAS LAUGHING? PROBABLY HYSTERIA HE DIED OF A HEART ATTACK DUE TO OVERSTRAIN.

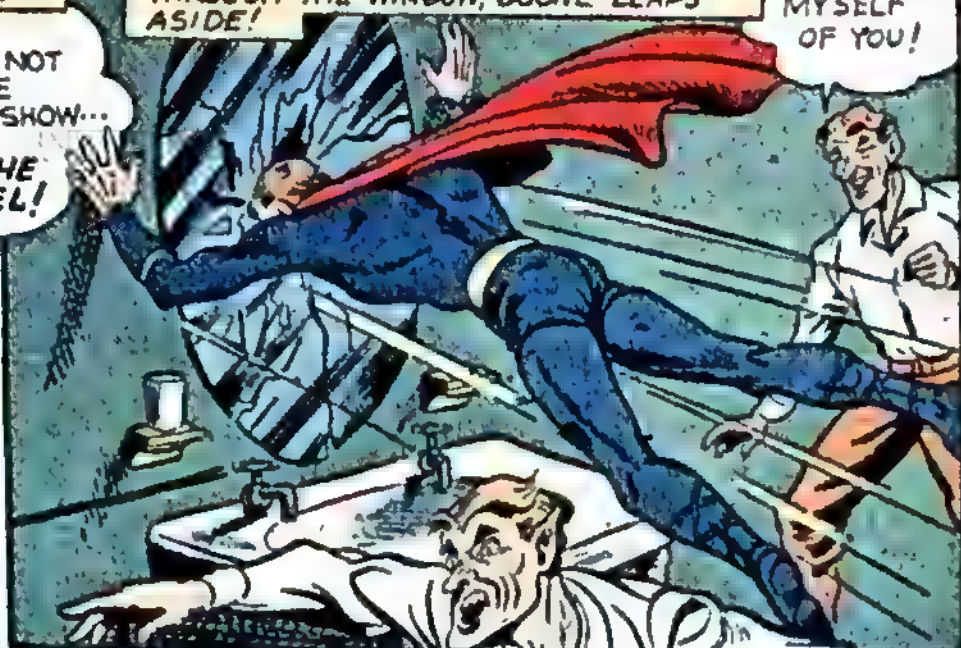
WHAT A PERFORMANCE! HOW HE LAUGHED! OTHERS WILL LAUGH, TOO. STANDISH... EVERY PRODUCER, EVERY CASTING DIRECTOR WHO MOCKED ME! I'LL TEACH THEM TO JEER AT A GREAT ARTIST!

EVEN AS THE STRANGE KILLER SEES SOMETHING IN THE MIRROR...

AS THE ANGEL'S MUSCULAR BODY RIPS THROUGH THE WINDOW, DOONE LEAPS ASIDE!

NOW TO RID MYSELF OF YOU!

THOSE WHO ARE NOT TICKLISH WILL BE STRANGLERED! I'LL SHOW... WHAT? THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!



IS YOUR HEAD SPINNING? I WILL STOP IT SPINNING! IN FACT...



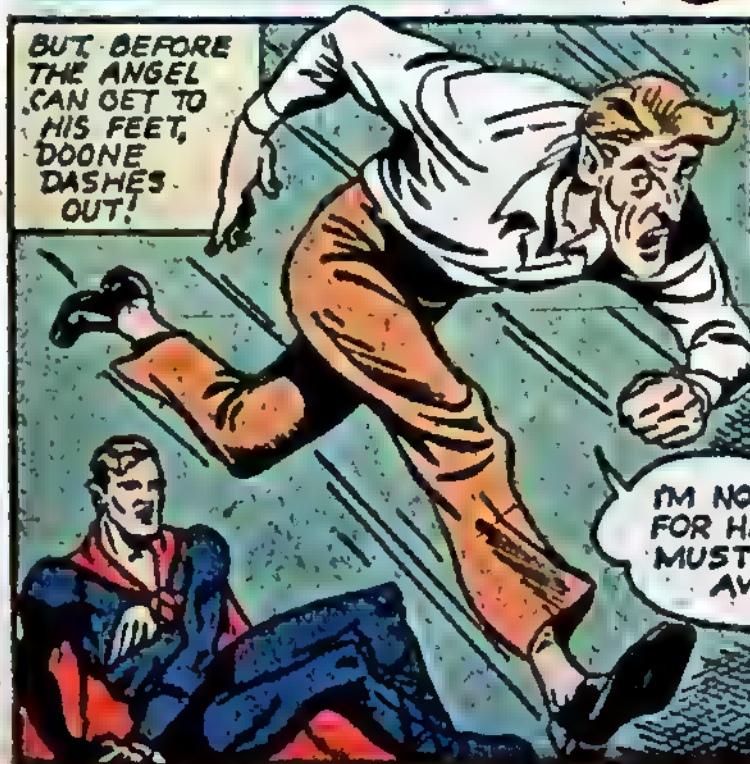
...I WILL STOP EVERYTHING.



STOP THIS, THEN!



BUT BEFORE THE ANGEL CAN GET TO HIS FEET, DOONE DASHES OUT!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU AFTER I KILL THE OTHERS!

I'M NO MATCH FOR HIM... I MUST GET AWAY!



NEXT DAY...

HE
ESCAPED
AGAIN!
BE
CAREFUL,
STANDISH!
YOU'RE
MARKED
FOR
DEATH!

YOU'RE GETTING
ME IN THE
PROPER MOOD
FOR OUR MOVIE.
HERE'S THE SET- A REAL
CASTLE TRANSPORTED
FROM ENGLAND.

ANGEL, YOU STICK HERE.
STANDISH, GO UPSTAIRS
AND WAIT IN THE GALLERY
FOR YOUR CUE. WE'RE
READY TO
SHOOT.

OKAY! CAMERA! ACTION!
WALK TO THAT CHAIR
AND SIT
DOWN.

TAKE OUT YOUR PIPE
AND LIGHT IT. LET YOUR
HAND SHAKE. YOU'RE
AFRAID, YOU SEE-AFRAID!

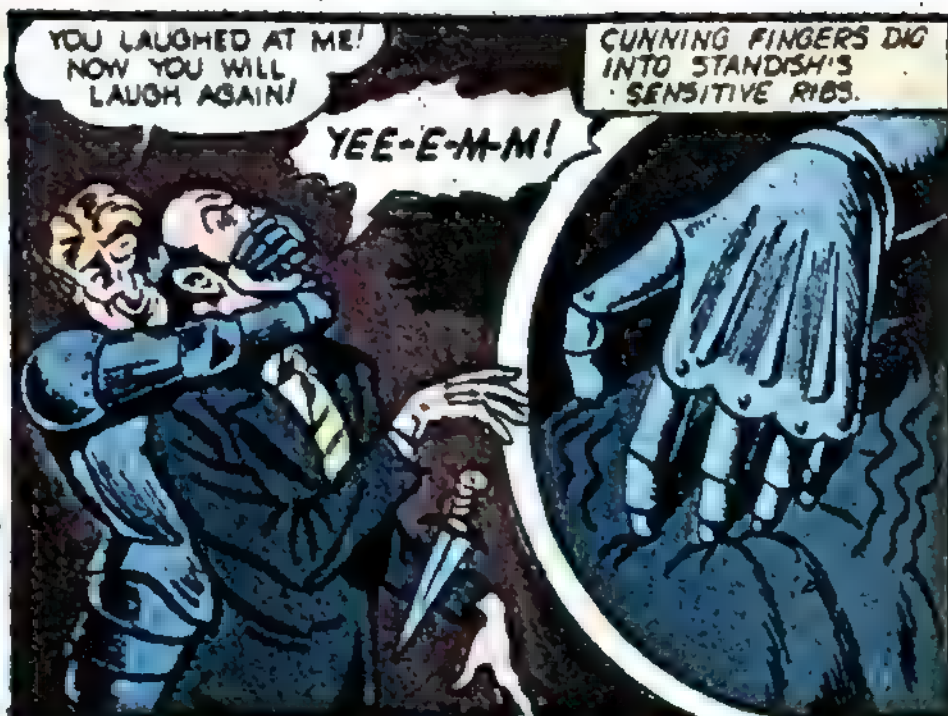
THERE'S MY
CUE I PULL
OUT MY RUSTY
DAGGER-

THE FAMOUS MOVIE "HEAVY" GOES INTO HIS ACT.

WHILE I'M WAITING
FOR THEM TO
START, I MIGHT
AS WELL REHEARSE
MY PART!



YOU'LL BE VERY LUCKY IF YOU REACH THE STAIRCASE.



YOU LAUGHED AT ME! NOW YOU WILL LAUGH AGAIN!

YEE-E-M-M!

CUNNING FINGERS DIG INTO STANDISH'S SENSITIVE RIBS.



SHRIEKS OF LAUGHTER PEAL FROM THE MOVIE-ACTOR'S THROAT AS HE WRITHES.

HA, HA!
HA-HAW!



SOON YOU WILL BE EXHAUSTED WITH LAUGHTER- EXHAUSTED TO DEATH! YOUR HEART WILL CRACK UNDER THE STRAIN! VERY AMUSING!

YAH-HA!
HA-HA!
HAW!



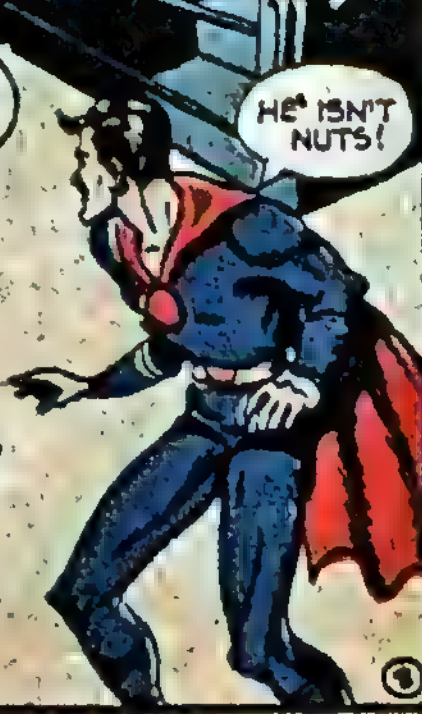
UP THE STAIRCASE RACES THE ANGEL.

HA, HA, HA!
HA-HA!
OH H H H



CUT! STANDISH MUST BE NUTS! DOESN'T HE KNOW WE'RE WIRED FOR SOUND? SHUT UP, STANDISH!

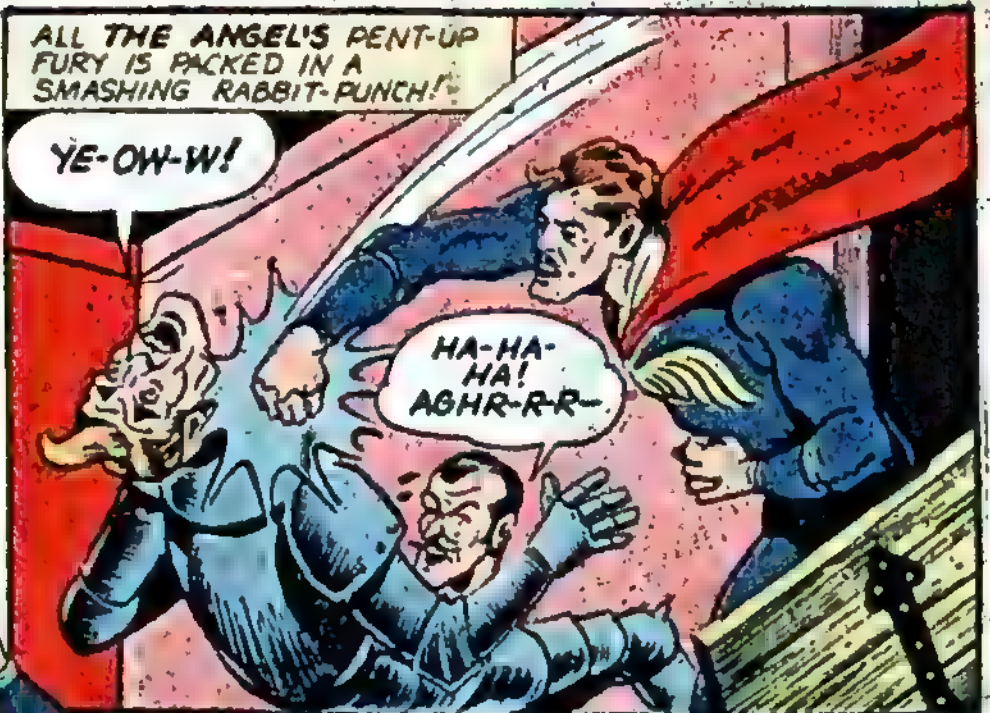
IT'S THAT MADMAN AGAIN!



HE'S ISN'T NUTS!



I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!



ALL THE ANGEL'S PENT-UP FURY IS PACKED IN A SMASHING RABBIT-PUNCH!

YE-OW-W!

HA-HA-HA!
AGHR-R-R-



AS THE ANGEL CLOSES IN AGAIN, DOONE BUTTS HIM.

I MUST GET RID OF YOU!



THE KILLER POUNCES ON THE FALLEN ANGEL.

LAUGH! DOESN'T THAT TICKLE? YOUR LAUGHTER WILL BE MUSIC IN MY EARS! WHAT THE... P



SOME PEOPLE HAVE TICKLISH RIBS. OTHERS TICKLISH SOLES.

HEY!



SO, THIS IS YOUR WEAK SPOT, EH? LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH!

YAH, HAH, HAH!
HO-HO! - IF I CAN ONLY...



SUDDENLY, THE ANGEL TWISTS HIS BODY IN A RAPID SPIN!

I'LL BE!

ONE WAY OF GETTING OUT OF A TICKLISH SITUATION!

LEADING TO HIS FEET,
THE ANGEL STRIKES BACK
WITH TELLING FORCE.

A BALL OF
STRUGGLING FLESH
AND BONE BOUNCES
DOWN THE STAIRS.

WHAT'S
GOING ON HERE?
HEY!

WOW!
WHAT AN
ACTION SHOT
THIS IS
GONNA BE!

THE
ANGEL
GIVES
DOONE
SOME OF
HIS OWN
MEDICINE

HAW-HAW!
STOP!
HA-HA!
HAW!

HE WHO LAUGHS
LAST IS A SAP FOR
WAITING SO
LONG! GIVE
UP!

AND SO, WITH DOONE SAFELY
BEHIND BARS, THE GUARDIAN
SHADOW OF THE ANGEL FALLS
OVER HOLLYWOOD FOR A MOMENT—
THEN FADES AWAY.

TICKLE HIM
AGAIN, ANGEL!
THIS SHOT IS
TERRIFIC!

I CONFESS!
HA-HA!
I TICKLED
GRUMLIN
TO DEATH!
HA-HA!

THE ANGEL RETURNS IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS
WITH A BREATH-TAKING
ADVENTURE AT AN AIR-FERRY
BASE

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ORDERS SIX MORE
I received my enlarged and colored photos today and was pleased with them. Will you please send me as soon as you can six more enlargements?

WANTS THREE MORE
I just received the two 5x7 enlargements made up for me and I am very much pleased with them. I am enclosing three more snapshots and would like one 5x7 enlargement of each, hand colored, leatherette frame.

PLEASSED AT EXPERT QUALITY
I received the pictures I had enlarged at your company and was very much pleased at the expert quality work you turn out. I'm enclosing two more pictures for enlargement. I want one of each 5x7, hand colored, and leatherette frame.

SURE WAS GOOD
I received my picture last week and it sure was a good one. I certainly do think you are doing a fine job on pictures and I am sending you another picture to hand color for me.

DELIGHTED WITH BABY PICTURE
I received my two pictures of my baby and am sure delighted with them.

A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF ART
As you remember I just had a picture enlarged 5x7 and tinted and framed. It was a beautiful piece of art, and I am really very much pleased with it. I would like to have one more made like it.

PLEASSED WITH SERVICE
As you probably know I have been doing business with your firm quite a while and have been very much pleased with the service, so I am hoping you will do a very good job on these negatives.

LD. Camp Shelby, Mississippi



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Just sign your name and address to the coupon. (Write or print carefully in order to avoid mistakes.) We will ship the complete outfit, including the free carrying case (size 14½" long x 10" high) by return mail. Deposit \$1.69, plus postage, with the postman on arrival but act at once because a limited number are only available at this special introductory price.

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NOW!**



GUARANTEE—You take no risk! You must be 100% delighted or you may return within five days for full refund of purchase price.

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**This Carrying Case
FREE WITH YOUR ORDER**



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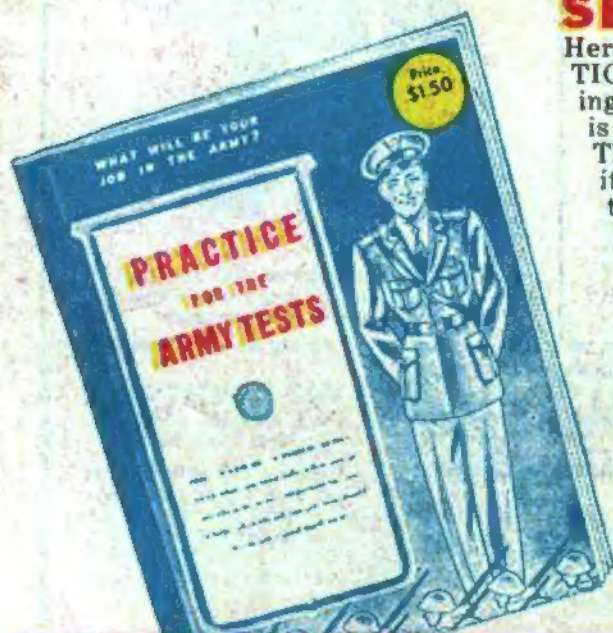
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